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ALL THE SAME

BY E. IRWIN.

They met when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And "won't you take my peg-top, dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came.
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self same way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone."
"And won't you take my heart?" he said.
And called her by her name;
She blushed and said, "No, thank you, Tom."
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years,
Have brought them care and joy;
She has the little peg-top still,
He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," said he,
"I've never brought you fame;"
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,
You've loved me all the same!"

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

"YOU cannot call it a low marriage, mamma," put in Monica. "'Low' means something disreputable, does it not? Randolph said she was a doctor's daughter. She must be educated and refined."

"A country doctor!" groaned Lady Ryvers. "And the professions in these days are thrown open to every one. Oh, Marguerite, what shall we do?"

"I cannot see that there is anything to be done, mamma; the affair is hopeless," said Lady Lester. "In this case a young man married is indeed a young man marred. Randolph has ruined his career."

"Another crusher," thought Monica, who would fain have uttered a word in praise of her brother.

"Beauty," she said, "as you know, mamma, goes for something in these days. I read yesterday that one of the peculiarities of the nineteenth century was the power and influence of beauty. If Randolph's wife be, as he says, so lovely, surely that will atone in some degree for other deficiencies—will it not?"

"Beautiful women are not so rare in our family," answered Lady Ryvers very musingly.

"Randolph has plenty of taste," said the Countess of Lester. "I do not think any rustic beauty would charm him."

"He has married for love," remarked Lady Ryvers piteously; "and love is proverbially blind."

"Randolph was never blind," said Monica. "Mamma, do not be so unhappy. Wait until you see her."

On some pretext Lady Ryvers sent Monica from the room.

"Marguerite," she cried hastily, "I want just one word with you before she returns. I have been wondering if this marriage be legal."

"Legal, mamma! I should say so. Randolph may have been very imprudent, but he would take good care of that."

"I am not so sure," said Lady Ryvers thoughtfully. "There are many formalities—many things needed to make a marriage legal—I do not know what they all are—such as residence in parishes, consent of parents, guardians, and a great many other things."

"But, mamma," cried Lady Lester, "you would not surely part them if there should be any flaw?"

"Most certainly. I would part them to-day if I could find the least flaw in a marriage which is perfectly distasteful to me."

"That would be wicked, mamma," said the young Countess.

"Not at all, my dear. I consider the marriage wicked. I would undo it if I could. It is monstrous and unnatural—the head of a house like ours to marry in this underhand fashion a girl of that kind and that class! It is enough to make his father rise from the grave."

"My dear mamma, what a dreadful idea!" said Lady Lester.

"I sent for you Marguerite," continued Lady Ryvers, "because I know that, although you are so quiet, you understand the world. I want to consult you. Do you not think we had better keep this unfortunate matter quite quiet, for a few weeks at least until we see what she is like, and whether there is any chance of undoing the mischief done?"

"I should think it would be as well not to make it public for some time at least. But, mamma, I will have nothing to do with the undoing of the marriage. I do not believe in it. I cannot think that the want of some little legal form can render invalid a religious ceremony."

"If you take high grounds, certainly not" said Lady Ryvers.

"There are no other grounds to take," returned the Countess serenely. "But I should certainly advise you to keep the whole story quiet so long as Randolph will allow you; and in the meantime, if she spends some few weeks here with you and Monica, you will see what she is like, and whether it will be possible to do anything with her."

"I wish Marguerite, you would stay; you would be so much more useful than Monica. Arthur would come if you asked him."

"I am sure he would, and I should like it, mamma. I know that I could be of use to you."

And so it was arranged.

* * * * * * * *

It was seven o'clock—dinner had been ordered for eight—and there was a subdued air of excitement in the Ryverswell household.

It had been found needful to tell the servants that the young lord was bringing home a wife.

Lady Ryvers would fain have kept it from them if she could.

Her one idea was to keep it secret from all the world.

In spite of all that conscience said about the matter, she was quite resolved that, if it were possible to find a flaw in the marriage it should be annulled.

How keenly she suffered no one could guess.

She had been so proud of her son; she had been so contemptuously pitiful to other mothers whose children had made wretched marriages.

In a perfectly refined and well-bred manner she had boasted of her son, and she had been very much courted for his sake.

There was no doubt that Randolph, Lord Ryvers, was one of the best matches in England. His mother knew it.

On the strength of it she had patronized duchesses with large families of daughters.

True, she was a very popular member of society on her own account, but she was doubly so on account of her son.

Princess Saxon, who had four plain daughters all unmarried, never ceased to court her.

The Duchess of Juverary, one of the most exclusive queens of society, eagerly sought Lady Ryvers, and said openly how much she should like an alliance between the two houses; and Gwendoline Marr, the most beautiful and wealthy heiress of the day, had more than once shown her preference for him.

Not only were all these triumphs ended, but a series of terrible mortifications had begun.

How should she face the world when the pride of her life was gone?

How could she bear the sneers of those ladies at whom she had sneered, and who would not in their turn spare her?

She knew exactly the tone of affected commiseration in which they would address her.

She knew how they would sting her under the guise of pitying words.

"He might have married any one," she cried; "and he has brought me to this, that I shall be ashamed to show my face where, until now, I have been an honored guest! I can just imagine Princess Saxon, with that sweet languid smile, saying, 'What is this story about your son's marriage, dear Lady Ryvers? I have not believed one word of it;' and I shall have to own that it is true."

For the time the proud lady almost hated her son.

She had hated with terrible bitterness the girl he had married.

Seven o'clock had struck, and every minute she expected the carriage.

It had been sent to Ryverswell railway-station, and the three ladies awaited the return.

Lady Ryvers would not have owned such a thing for the world—she would have called it theatrical and ill-bred—but she had chosen the great drawing-room in which to receive Randolph's wife, hoping the sight of its grandeur would annihilate her.

For the same reason she had chosen her richest dress of black velvet, her finest point-lace, and some of her most superb diamonds.

She looked majestic and magnificent, yet in her heart she half despised herself.

What did it matter, after all, whether a creature so utterly insignificant were crushed or not?

Lady Lester looked beautiful as a dream.

She wore a dress of pale amber brocade, with some fine rubies. Monica wore white with blue hyacinths.

"I do not know how I shall meet them," said Lady Ryvers. "I have never felt that it was possible to be civil before. Marguerite, what shall I do? My sense and tact fail me."

With half-closed eyes Marguerite, Countess of Lester, lay back in her chair.

She held a richly-jewelled fan in her hands; and the family crisis, as Monica irreverently called it, had not troubled her.

When Lady Ryvers spoke, the elder daughter opened her magnificent dark eyes.

"Do not trouble, mamma," she said. "Let me use one of Monica's platitudes—what is to be will be. You have anticipated the worst. It is just possible that we may have an agreeable surprise."

"My dear Marguerite," cried Lady Ryvers, "I must kiss her. If I do not, Randolph will be mortally offended. Yet how can I? I wish they were here, and it was all over."

"Mamma, shall you go into the hall to meet them?" Monica asked, a short time afterwards, when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard.

"Certainly not," replied her ladyship. "Why should I? That is Randolph's voice. Oh, Marguerite, how my heart beats! It has not beaten so quickly for years."

In the agitation of the moment the three ladies drew together. They formed a striking group.

The door was opened—they never knew how or by whom—and Randolph entered the room.

They saw the tall figure and the bronzed handsome face; they saw that he led by the hand a graceful girl, whose face was hidden by a traveling veil.

It seemed for a moment as though they were all paralyzed; then the rich cheery voice broke the spell.

"Mother, Marguerite, Monica—all here! How good of you!"

The next minute the graceful figure of the girl was seen standing alone and Randolph had flung his arms vehemently round his mother.

"Oh, mother," he said, as he kissed the haughty handsome face, "it is good to see you again! Marguerite, I am delighted!"—and he kissed the Countess of Lester. "Monica, my darling!"—and that was the warmest greeting of all.

Then, with a look of pride on his face and a bow such as a courtier would have made before a queen, Lord Ryvers stepped back.

He took the hand of his wife and led her to Lady Ryvers.

"Mother," he said, "this is my wife, Violet; Violet—my mother, Lady Ryvers."

She lacked all her accustomed grace and dignity when she said—

"I bid you welcome home."

It was a great effort to say it.

The voice was cold and hard; there was no smile on the face, no light in the eyes; but she held out her jewelled hand in greeting.

"Welcome home," she repeated; but her voice was frigid.

"Mother," said Randolph, "she is my wife and your daughter. Have you no warmer greeting for her than this?"

The lips with which she touched, not the girl's face, but the veil that covered it, were white as the lips of death; but Randolph seemed content.

Then he led his wife to the Countess of Lester.

"Marguerite," he said, "I bring you another sister."

The beautiful Countess, with the most serene expression possible on her face, and with the most innocent expression in her eyes, made a curtsey that would have done honor to a queen.

She did not commit herself either by a frozen kiss or a touch of the hand; she murmured a few words that were quite inaudible.

Violet never knew whether they were of praise, blame, welcome, or rejection; but she felt that her welcome was of the stateliest possible kind.

"Monica, my darling sister," said Lord Ryvers—"my wife."

No words could describe the proud exultation of his voice, the ring of tenderness and passion; and Monica, for her brother's sake—she thought only of him—flung her arms round the young girl's neck and kissed her warmly. Then there was a pause.

Lady Ryvers and Lady Lester made a mental comment on the young wife's dress.

"Worth," said the Countess to herself, "and Worth at his best."

The traveling-dress was so rich, so elegant in its simplicity—dark gray velvet, trimmed with a slight edging of fur—and it fitted the girl's figure perfectly, showed the beautiful lines, the gracious curves, the fine contour. It was the dress of a lady; they felt it instinctively.

Violet did not raise her veil; she stood perfectly still; but, when her husband turned to her, and said, "Darling, you are welcome home at last!" a quiver ran through her.

She thanked him in her heart; but she spoke no word.

"You are tired probably," said Lady Ryvers; and, try as she would, she could not take the pride and *hauteur* from her voice.

"I am very tired," said Violet; "we had a rough passage."

How eagerly they listened for her reply! The voice was sweet and musical, the accent refined, the intonation perfect.

"You will like to go to your rooms," said Lady Ryvers. "Have you brought a maid with you?"

"No," replied Violet.

"I thought you would be kind enough, mother, to recommend one," her husband interposed. "Violet has not had much experience in that way."

"I have never had a maid," said Violet, "and should hardly know how to engage one."

"Never had a maid!" repeated Lady Ryvers; and her accent was one of undisguised horror.

The Countess of Lester smiled the smile of one who was learning strange things.

"My maid Fisher would not perhaps mind," said Lady Ryvers doubtfully. "She is clever; but one hesitates in these days to ask favors from servants."

"I should not ask favors; I should issue commands," put in Randolph, at which a faint gleam of approval was visible in the eyes of the Countess.

"Mamma," said Monica timidly, "if you will permit me, I will take"—then she paused for a moment, as though at a loss for a word—"I will take Lady Ryvers to her rooms."

She saw by the sudden flush that covered her mother's face, the sudden angry light that flashed in her eyes, that she had done wrong.

It was almost more than proud Lady Ryvers could brook to hear the name she had borne so long given to another.

"If you wish, you can show your brother's wife to her rooms, Monica," she said stiffly.

"Which rooms have you given us, mother?" Lord Ryvers asked, anxious to make a diversion.

"The white suite in the western wing for the present; you can make your own choice afterwards," she replied.

Lord Ryvers did not know whether to feel pleased or angry.

The white suite, as the beautiful set of apartments was called, was generally set apart for visitors; but there were handsomer suites in the house.

"Thank you," he said simply. "I am sure we shall find them comfortable."

For the whole world his mother could not have refrained from a slight toss of the head.

If those rooms were not good enough for this young person from the country, she would like to know what were.

Monica saw the danger-signals, and hastened from the room, taking Violet with her.

Then on the three left behind there fell a strange uncomfortable silence, Lord Ryvers was the first to break it.

"You were surprised to hear of my marriage, mother?" he said.

"I was something more than surprised," she replied. "We had better not discuss it yet, Randolph; I have not recovered from the shock."

"I ought to have written. I own frankly, mother, that I ought to have consulted you; but love must be my excuse. You will try to love Violet for my sake?"

"I can make no promise, Randolph. I would rather not discuss the matter yet. It has been a terrible blow to me. I must recover from it."

"Marguerite," said the young man, his voice full of passion and tenderness, "you will be kind to my wife?"

The Countess looked at him.

"I think mamma is right," she said gently; "we must have time. You see Randolph, this young lady has belonged to quite a different class from ours, and it will be some time before she will understand us or we shall understand her. You have made an experiment; you must patiently await the result."

"Violet is a lady," he said quickly.

His mother held up her hands.

"Do not discuss the question," she cried; "I cannot endure it."

"At what time do we dine?" asked Lord Ryvers.

"Eight o'clock. The first bell ring in a few minutes; you will be late, Randolph," replied his mother.

And that was her welcome home.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE two ladies left alone, the dowager sank down in an attitude of despair.

"He is just as infatuated as ever, Marguerite," she said. "What shall I do?"

"What do you think of her?" asked the Countess of Lester, with some little interest.

"I did not see her face," replied Lady Ryvers. "She did not raise her veil."

"I was favorably impressed," said Lady Lester. "She has certainly a perfect figure and she dresses with perfect taste. I liked her voice and her accent. I noticed another thing that pleased me; she evinced no curiosity. I do not think that she saw even the beauty of the room. A vulgar girl would have shown some surprise, if merely to gratify you."

"You are very kind, Marguerite. Certainly there is some comfort in what you say. But, my dear, I trust Monica will not be familiar with her; if she is, she will undo all the good that we can do."

"Monica is very impulsive," said the Countess. "No one can ever foresee what she will do or say."

"She is neither an Alton nor a Ryvers," complained Lady Ryvers. "I feel, Marguerite, as though I should never get over this trouble. How little I thought that the coming home of my son's wife would be like this! I had a dream of some great pageant, of a wedding exceeding all others in magnificence, of a coming home that would be remembered in the county for many years, of a daughter-in-law after my own heart. Do you know, Marguerite, one of my happiest anticipations has always been the thought of presenting Randolph's wife to the Queen."

"It may be realized, mamma," said the Countess. "From the roughest marble a skilful sculptor shapes the most beautiful statues. You cannot tell what a few months of your training will make."

"My dear," returned Lady Ryvers, with some irritation, "I shall not have patience. I shall never be able to control my dislike to the girl. To think of the difference between what might have been and what is!"

In the meantime the two young girls had made their way to the white suite of rooms.

If Violet felt startled at the magnificence of the house, at the beauty of the paintings and statues, she said nothing, and Monica admired her reticence.

The real thing that oppressed her and lay heavily on her mind was that one day this must all be hers.

Monica Ryvers little dreamed what was passing in the mind of her companion.

Her eyes fell on the crest, on the coat of arms, on the hundred and one insignia of that patent of nobility which she so completely and thoroughly despised. Monica felt almost shy with this tall stately girl who was so silent.

"Mamma selected these rooms because there is such a beautiful view from the windows," said Monica. "You will choose your own now."

Violet bowed.

There was no pleasure, no elation in her manner.

Monica wondered more and more what manner of girl was this who saw so much beauty and so much magnificence, yet was quite unmoved by it.

She opened the door of a room the luxurious appointments of which might have extorted a cry of admiration from a Stole.

A fire burned cheerfully in a bright grate the soft light of innumerable wax-tapers filled the room.

No word came from Violet.

She had made up her mind as to one thing before she entered the house—nothing should draw from her one word of admiration; her husband's relatives should not think her overwhelmed with their grandeur.

"I will adopt the *nil admirari* system," she said to herself. "They will fancy that I shall be overwhelmed by their grandeur and magnificence. I would rather have my old home at St. Byno's."

"I hope," said Monica, "you will find everything comfortable and as you like it."

Violet glanced round carelessly.

"If I require anything more, I will ask for it," she said.

A gleam of appreciation came into Monica's eyes.

"That little speech was worthy of the Countess of Lester!" she said to herself. "We shall have a lively time of it at Ryvers-well!"

Then Violet went to her and laid one hand on her arm.

"I thank you," she said, "for the kindly greeting you gave me—I shall never forget it—also for the kiss. Your kindness touched my heart."

She was about to add, "I thought nothing would ever touch it again;" but she refrained.

Better to keep her own secrets locked in her heart.

Then Monica, with kindly hands, unfastened the thick veil and the pretty traveling-bonnet.

She was fairly startled at the marvelous beauty of the face beneath; yet, beautiful as it was, there was something of sadness in the violet eyes and in the sweet proud lips.

It was not the face of a brilliantly happy young bride or of a well-contented young wife.

"What a beautiful sister you are!" cried Monica enthusiastically. "Randolph told us you were beautiful; but I did not think you would be like this.

"I am glad you are pleased with me," said Violet quietly. There was no resisting the honest, tender sympathy in the bright young face.

Then Monica wondered even more, for, in removing the bonnet, all the thick mass of luxuriant golden hair fell over Violet's shoulders.

A cry of admiration came from her lips.

"What magnificent hair!" she cried. "Why, this is the very color of coloral Some of the fashionable ladies in London would give half their fortune for it. How long, how thick, how splendid it is! How well you dress it!"

"I spend very little time over it," said Violet, to whom hairdressing was a perfect mystery.

"You must let mamma's maid come and help you," said Monica. "She is an adept at hairdressing. She can make the poorest head of hair look magnificent. You can guess what she can do with yours. I shall go and coax her to come."

"Pray do not" requested Violet hastily. "I can do as I always do."

But Monica left the room before she had time to say more.

Presently Lord Ryvers opened the door; he stood for a moment in dazed admiration before the beautiful figure half-covered with the veil of glittering golden hair.

"Violet," he said in a low tone of voice, "amongst your various dresses, have you a nice dinner-dress?"

"I should suppose so," she answered carelessly.

"My darling," he said earnestly, "do try to look your best! You are always beautiful and bewitching. I want you to look more so than ever to-night. So much depends on first impressions."

He saw a faint gleam of contempt on the exquisite face.

He kissed it, for he was gentleness and patience itself.

"You promised, Violet," he said.

She relented and looked at him with a smile.

It was almost impossible to withstand his patient good-humor and sweet temper. Violet always admired it.

Once indeed she had said, "Randolph you have the best and sweetest temper of any man I know; but you are a sleeping lion, I believe. If you were roused to anger, you would be much more angry than a worse-tempered man."

"Why do you think so?" he asked gravely.

"I imagine it from a look that I have seen once or twice in your eyes," she replied.

She thought of those words now, as he stood so patiently and gently kissing away the frown from her fair face.

There came to her a wonder as to whether she really appreciated this great love of his whether he would ever tire of her; and, while these thoughts were passing through her mind, his honest frank eyes were looking smilingly down into hers.

"I will do my best, Randolph. I have a pretty dinner-dress which I think will suit the occasion. It is composed of white silk and white lace, and it is trimmed with rich purple heartsease. I am quite ——"

She paused, hearing something or someone at the door.

Husband and wife stood together, and both turned to see what it was.

Fisher, her ladyship's maid, the disagreeable and spiteful but clever lady's-maid, stood there.

Lord Ryvers felt vexed that she should have seen him kiss his wife, and he spoke sharply.

"Do you want anything, Fisher?" he asked.

"No, your lordship; but I understood this lady needed my assistance."

"I shall be glad," said the young husband, with some dignity, "if you will help my wife, Lady Ryvers, until her own maid arrives."

"The most beautiful creature I have ever seen in my life!" was the woman's mental comment. "She is much fairer than the Countess.

"I will do what I can for her ladyship," she said, advancing into the room.

Violet would have given much to have beaten a retreat.

She was far more alarmed at the lady's-maid than she had been at the mistress.

Lord Ryvers said a few hasty words of farewell.

"You will tell me how you like them all afterwards," he said in a low voice. "I must go down now."

"Oh, Randolph, take that horrible-looking woman away with you!" whispered Violet. "She is worse than any of them."

"She is a necessity, my dear," he answered.

With an anxious eye Lady Ryvers watched her husband's retreating figure.

"What can I do for you, my lady?" Fisher asked, approaching and courtseying; but there was a tinge of insolence in her manner.

"I do not know," said Violet. "I have never had a maid of my own. Do for me what every other lady's-maid does for her mistress."

There was no resisting this; the simple quiet dignity of the answer awed the maid.

"Shall I brush your hair first, my lady?" she asked more respectfully.

"If you please," said Violet.

And in a few minutes more the maid held the golden waves of hair in her hands, admiring its length and sheen.

"I have not seen such hair as this, my lady," she said, "since the time I left the Duchess of Hotherly. She had just the same, but her face did not correspond with it. It was all freckled and brown, the queerest complexion any lady ever had."

Violet made no remark.

She was determined not to encourage gossip, yet just at present she could not summon courage to bid the woman to be silent.

"It took me nearly an hour every day to paint the Duchess's face. She was kind enough to say that I had an artistic touch. She was very difficult to please; she liked her face to vary every day."

Fisher frowned when she saw how coldly her gossip was received.

"I was sorry to leave the Duchess," she continued; "but she was very cross and 'uppish' with me one morning when I was painting her face. She said something to me, and I told her, if she repeated it, I would leave at a moment's notice. She did repeat it, and I left her immediately, with half her face painted. She could not find any one to paint the other half; no one could match it. She sent to offer me anything in the world if I would go back to finish it."

"I think that was a very ill-natured trick," said Violet.

And from that moment Fisher was the most bitter enemy Violet had in the whole house.

Yet the woman was an artist in her way, and she could not resist the temptation of performing her task to the best of her ability.

Then Lord Ryvers came for his wife.

"Have I pleased you?" she asked, her beautiful eyes all alight.

"You have indeed!" he said. "I am proud of you, my lovely wife!"

He took her hand, and led her to the drawing-room.

In one sense he was leading her to the great social battle-field, for here her new life began, and the first wound from the thorns in her orange-blossoms was to be given to her that night, a wound that would never heal.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IF Violet had spoken the truth that evening, when she sat down to dinner, she would have owned that the beauty and magnificence which surrounded her were most delightful.

The dining-room was a large lofty apartment containing some superb pictures.

The table was a picture in itself, with its collection of plate, glass, glossy linen, beautiful flowers, rare fruits, and costly wines.

To her uninitiated eyes, the ceremony at the table seemed very elaborate, but no word, no sign escaped her; and the dowager Lady Ryvers, watching her keenly, decided that she must be accustomed to good society as she evinced no surprise. With some suspense the two ladies had awaited her return to the drawing-room.

"No one can tell what she is like with that veil over her face," the elder woman had declared.

Mother and daughter were standing together when husband and wife returned. They saw a girlish graceful figure draped in glistening folds; they saw white rounded arms, bare to the shoulder, dimpled and warm, clasped with costly bracelets of purple amethyst and gold; a beautiful white neck, gracefully arched; a peerless face, and a queenly head with a crown of golden hair.

Purple heartsease lay in the fair hair and touched the white neck.

It was the fairest picture of youth and beauty under the sun.

A thrill of admiration went through the hearts of both women when they saw her—an almost imperceptible smile passed over the face of the Countess of Lester.

"I do not think my mother need fear," she thought to herself.

Perhaps the dowager Lady Ryvers did experience some little sense of relief when she saw how beautiful and graceful the girl was.

But that was soon dissipated, and she was more annoyed than ever by the expression of intense love and fervent admiration she saw on her son's face.

There was little chance of finding a flaw in a marriage where the husband was so devoted!

There was no flaw either in the manner or behavior of the young girl who sat so perfectly self-possessed, evidently expecting to be feted and to receive all the attention due to a bride.

The dowager had had some vague idea that she could make her feel how unwelcome her presence was by ignoring her in the calmly cruel fashion adopted by fashionable women; but there was no chance of it.

No one could ignore the beautiful queenly presence; and, as the dinner progressed, a conviction came to the elder woman that this was a far more difficult case than she had thought.

There were character and determination in the beautiful face.

There was pride and dignity, although of a kind differing from her own; there was principally plenty of individuality.

It dawned across her ladyship's mind that this was no country girl to be crushed and quietly disposed of, but a rival who might possibly prove more powerful than herself.

If Violet had been of her own class, her mother-in-law would have rejoiced in these characteristics.

She would have said, "Here is one to do honor to the grand old race."

Identified with one whom, in her own mind, she called "a daughter of the people," they were distasteful to her.

What right had the daughter of a country doctor to have such grace and dignity and beauty?

What right had she to have such a clear musical voice and refined accent?

The more beautiful, the more attractive the girl, the less chance there was of getting rid of her, of hiding her from the world.

Before dinner was over, the dowager Lady Ryvers saw plainly enough that she had a rival to fear.

"I am glad, mother," said Lord Ryvers, while dinner was progressing, "that you did not ask any one to meet us. I was half afraid you would think it needful to have a dinner-party."

"It was hardly probable," replied the dowager. "I never move in the dark."

Violet looked up with a sudden smile and a keen appreciation of the little allegory.

"Why do you smile?" asked the elder woman.

"Because I understand perfectly well what you mean" answered Violet. "You did not invite any one to meet us because you were not sure whether I should be presentable or not."

It was so exactly the truth, it was so exactly the thought which had passed through

her mind and which she had uttered to Lady Lester, that there was perfect consternation for a few minutes. A cannon-ball falling in their midst could not have startled them more.

It was the throwing down of a gauntlet, which no one at first picked up.

Lord Ryvers hardly knew whether to admire his wife's spirit or to regret that she had so spoken.

The dowager recovered herself, feeling that it was a kind of crisis, and that, if she allowed it to pass by, she would in some measure have lost ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Losing Them Both.

BY JOHN FROST.

THE dearest little rosebud of a girl, with cheeks where a pink-flush came and went, and blue eyes, with long golden-brown lashes, and hair that waved without the aid of pins or irons.

I always thought her name was the most suitable that could have been chosen for her, though the only wonder is that old Farmer Budd did not name his only daughter Deborah, or Rebecca, or Sarah Jane.

Rosanna had fortunately been her father's grandmother's name, however, and so came a Rose Budd into the world; for Mrs. Budd had made the Anna a middle name instead of part of the first, and dropped it.

When I began to like Rose Budd so much that I seriously thought of proposing to her, Hiram Roper liked her too.

He was five years older than I.

A plain man, of twenty-nine, with faint scars on his face, and a bald spot on the middle of his head.

A poor man, studying medicine late in life, because he had not been able to study in his youth—only hoping for his diploma in a year, with the practice all in the future.

I, at twenty-four, had the Mosswood estate for my own, and money enough to live on comfortably.

There could be no comparison drawn between us, I fondly hoped, that would not be favorable to me.

I coolly, though politely, took my place before him, and cut him out on all occasions with Rosebud.

I, young, rich, and handsome, and, I supposed, elegantly dressed.

He plain, poor, and shabby; looking ten years older than he really was.

What chance had he against me?

And so he slipped quietly into the background, and I made love to Rosebud, and one day kissed her on the cheek, and told her life would not be worth having to me if I could win her, and she said nothing but out-blushed all the roses, and let me kiss her again.

After that we walked boldly arm in arm through the village, and friends teased me, and the other beaux dropped away, and one day I gave her a ring to wear upon her left-hand forefinger.

Two weeks from that day I went to London on business.

I intended to stay a week, but I was so successful that I remained longer.

I went into business in the city, and began to know people.

I visited at the houses of wealthy merchants, and met their wives and daughters, and by degrees began to understand that though my Rosebud was very fair and sweet, she was not a hot-house flower.

In other words, her dress was not like the dress of a fashionable belle; her manners were homespun, her education poor.

She was very good—excessively good, but not an elegant lady.

Then, too, she sent me notes in big buff envelopes, and used little "I" for the personal pronoun, which should have been honored by the capital "I."

And Farmer Budd, with his uncouth coats, and wonderful hats, and long, straggling beard and hair, was not the sort of father-in-law that I should admire; and there was Miss Hannover.

Perhaps that fact was the most powerful one of all in the workings of my disenchantment.

Miss Hannover was beautiful, all millinery and upholstery.

Papa Hannover was called Prince Hannover by his friends, and had his dinner table set for forty every day, and wore a fortune in diamonds on his bosom, and made friends wherever he went by his lavish gifts.

And he was the greatest stock-gambler in London.

Papa Hannover had smiled on me, and counseled me how to invest, and had dined me with his daily forty friends; and had said—

"Violette, love, this is Mr. Markham, one of those country gentlemen of whom we are trying to make city men."

And Violette had smiled radiantly upon me.

Since then how many tete-a-tetes had I not had with her—how many rides?

I was learning to dance with her—and I had forgotten to write to Rosebud for two weeks.

Then came an anxious little note on thin blue paper, beginning thus—

"Dear Henry,—I take up my pen in hand much trubbled in my mind regarding you. I know you would write if you was not sick—Oh, Henry, if your are sick do tally-graff and let father come up and see to you. Henry, I will not write any more until I hear from you—I am too trubbled in my mind. We are all well and in the hopes that you enjoy the same blessing I remain—

"Yours truly,
"ROSE BUDD."

"P. S.—Do let pa come if you are sick. I am so troubbled in my mind."

I hastened to reply, the awful dread of Mr. Budd's fatherly care hanging over me, so to speak, by a single hair.

I wrote to Rose, but how?

I shall not copy that cowardly letter here.

When it was in the box I did try to fish it out again, but it was too late.

It had gone, and its termination—"Thanks Miss Budd, for your friendly anxiety concerning my health—I am sure Mr. Budd does not share it"—was perhaps the worst of all the lines by which I told her, not in frank, honest words, but in a manner that no woman could fail to understand, that I did not choose to remember that we were betrothed.

After that no more letters in yellow envelopes came to trouble me, and I paid attention to Miss Hannover, and invested my money according to Hannover's advice.

And days and weeks and months rolled by, and if a thought of my little Rosebud, fading because the sunlight of my love was withdrawn from it, crossed my mind, I drove it away with a sigh.

I could not help it, I said — it was fate.

Fate meant me for Miss Hannover, for Violette, and we had met, that was all.

No, not quite all.

One day I remember it was the day after a splendid ball, and I called on Violette, whose escort I had been the night before.

One day I made this latter statement to Violette Hannover, and she, having heard it, bestowed on me her most aristocratic stare, and asked me if I did not know that she had been engaged to Mr. Twentyplum for six months.

"And to be married next week, Mr. Markham," added she.

"So you see you must be mistaken about fate."

"And you have only been flirting with me?" I said, bitterly.

"Do you know that you gave me reason to hope everything from you?"

"I know it is time for me to dress for a drive," said she.

"So you must say good afternoon; and don't look so ridiculously tragic, Mr. Markham. I hate scenes."

And I felt that I deserved it all as I went for the last time down the steps of the Hannover mansion.

In a fortnight Violette was Mrs. Twentyplum.

In a month Mr. Hannover was a bankrupt—one of those who take a foreign trip with plenty of money in their pockets, while others lie crushed beneath the fragments of their broken benches at home.

My money went with his.

I had come to London with a moderate competence.

I had increased it by speculation, until I was absolutely wealthy.

Now I found myself suddenly almost poor.

There remained to me only the Mosswood property, which must be turned into a farm, and I myself must leave my hope of being one of the city millionaires behind me, and become a plain farmer—a man of the same social stature as Rose Budd's father, without his comfortable knowledge of money in the bank to comfort me.

However, with the bursting of the bubble fortune, the circle which gathered about Hannover had been seemingly scattered to the winds, and people knew that Miss Violette had jilted me, and knew also that my money was gone.

The city had lost many of its charms, and I wrote to the old woman who had kept the house at Mosswood for my widowed father until his death, to make it ready for my return.

Then selling the furniture of my bachelor rooms, and packing my small belongings in a few trunks, I started homeward.

I must go back to Mosswood and become a farmer.

I should find Rosebud fading gradually away, of course, and yet I knew she would be prettier than ever.

How she had loved me—how ungrateful I had been for that love.

Now I would make amends.

I would write as many repentant letters as were necessary, and she would, of course forgive me.

No woman ever forgets or ceases to love any man she ever has loved, you know.

Yes, after a little maidenly resistance, Rosebud would bloom for me again.

I was as sure of this, as the train bore me onward, as I was that the moon would rise that night.

There is no adage more true than the one that declares that misfortunes never come alone, but always in troops.

Often, of course, one brings the other.

In my case, the anxieties that had trooped so thickly about me, made me nervous, and so led to a severe accident.

Having alighted at a certain station, I delayed my return to the carriages until they had started.

I remember running after them, and then—what do I remember then?

Darkness, dreams, pain, an awakening in a little room, with white curtains and a toilet table, and a vision charmingly dressed.

Then someone saying slowly—

"Yes, yes, yes; I think he'll do."

And understanding this was my old friend, Hiram Roper, I asked—

"How did I come here?" trying to sit up, and failing in the attempt.

"Well," said Hiram, "wife and I were at the station, and I saw you were a good deal hurt, and we brought you on. You know this is my house."

"Yours?" said I. "And you are married and in practice, I suppose."

"Yes," said Roper. "Oh, yes; getting on famously.

"And you've had a bad time, but you'll be all right soon. Come and tell him he will, Rosebud."

And there—yes, there was Rose.

After I had ruminated on the fact a few minutes, I felt that truth was stranger than fiction.

"Are you better, Mr. Markham?" said Rosebud bending towards me.

Here was a most poetical story, being worked out in our proper persons.

A wounded and repentant hero, I had been sent back to Rosebud, to be nursed and forgiven.

Had she not forgiven me, she never would have flown to my aid.

All that I could do just then was to squeeze her hand.

She took it away rather quickly; but that was very natural.

I had not seen her for three years.

She did not know of my contrition.

But she had not pined or faded.

She was on the contrary, stouter and rosier than ever.

Just then, Dr. Roper being present, I said nothing, but afterwards, as the evening shadows fell, she brought me tea and toast; and then I took her hand and said—

"Dear Rosebud, how good of you."

And she answered—

"Oh, dear no—don't mention it."

"You are an angel of forgiveness," I said.

"And I—oh, I have always loved you, Rosebud.

"'Tis true, a syren laid her spells upon me, but the hallucination once over ——"

"I shall think you are wandering again," said she, "if you don't stop talking so. Do take your toast."

"No," said I, "no, not a mouthful, Rosebud, until you assure me that you will forget the past, and once more give me the love——"

"Mr. Markham," cried she.

"Call me Henry," said I. "Rose, if you had hated me, would you be here so kindly ministering to my wants?"

"Here?" said she. "Where should I be but in my own house?

"I'm sure I've nothing to forgive you, either.

"Since you allude to our flirtation of three years ago, and since you will talk of it, I will tell you once for all, that I don't think we ever should have been happy together. And I always liked Hiram the best, only he was so shy.

"And, my goodness, we were married as soon as he got his diploma.

"Married!" I cried.

"Why, yes," said Rosebud. "How else should I be here?

"You know this is Dr. Roper's house. Didn't you know I was his wife before? Dear old fellow he is—the best husband woman ever had, I'm sure—and, Mr. Markham, I know now that I never really loved you."

I don't know whether that was true or not but it did not matter.

She did not love me then, and does not now; and I had lost her.

And Roper had won her.

I live alone at Mosswood, now, an old bachelor, with a limp, and the dyspepsia, and she and a bouquet of little blossoms flourish over the way at Dr. Roper's.

Some time, perhaps, I may marry.

Miss Flint would have me, and so would the Widow Wiggins; but whatever I may gather to wear over my heart, it will not be a Rosebud.

I threw that away long ago, and Roper picked it up, and it makes his life fragrant.

SALT.—A Boston paper says that some farmers claim a novel benefit from sowing salt on wheat in its effect in preventing so deep freezing of the soil. They say the wheat on which salt is sown is not so badly winter-killed and is ready to make vigorous growth in the spring. For this benefit it would seem that salt might be sown in winter as well at any other season. It is, perhaps, worth while to try the experiment on a small plot to learn its effects.

FUCHSIAS.—Fuchsias like a rich soil, freely drained, consisting of turfy loam, old, thoroughly decayed manure, or leaf-mould in about equal portions, with a good sprinkling of charcoal-dust and sand, and, if at hand, a handful of bone-meal may be added at the last shift. Should they be required to bloom for a long time and continuously, they must be well fed.

FROZEN MEAT.—Many a man has had his pork fail to keep properly because it was salted in a frozen condition. Frozen meat, whether beef, pork or mutton, will not properly assimilate with salt, and cannot be depended on to keep in hot weather. A moment's reflection will make this seem so reasonable that one will wonder why he did not think of it before.

LIME.—Lime slacked with a solution of salt in water and then properly thinned with skim milk from which all the cream has been taken makes a permanent white-wash for outdoor work, and, it is said, renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving wood and for all farm purposes.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WEATHER.—The Chinese nation almost entirely clothes itself in cotton, in one form or another, warmth in winter being obtained by means of wadded garments, which are piled on until the wearer assumes something like the aspect of a stuffed doll. Hence the severity of the weather is not infrequently expressed in terms of clothing—as, for instance, "a two-coat day" or "a three-coat day."

AN INTERESTING BOOK.—Away out in Iowa a girl has solved the love-letter problem. She has done it, too, in a way which ought to be highly satisfactory to that portion of the human race which never writes love-letters, if there be such. The Iowa young woman has had all her love-letters bound in book form, and in that way she keeps them on the parlor table for the entertainment of visitors along with the family album. This gives the young lady's fortunate visitors an even chance for a pleasant evening.

A PETTICOAT PARADISE.—Among the Kasia Hills, in the eastern part of Bengal, the men are said to be the inferiors, even in the eye of the law. Property descends only through women. The latter have the supreme command, and everywhere assert themselves as the superiors of their husbands, who are represented by travelers as little better than domestic drudges, who mind the baby and go the errands and perform other little duties of the kind, while the wives attend to the more serious affairs of daily life. The girls of a family are held in high esteem, the boys being "nobodies."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A young man entering a car near Kansas City, Mo., recently, found all the seats occupied but one beside a lady. Seating himself here, he sat reading a paper until he noticed that the lady, that was pretty and neatly dressed, began looking at him, occasionally winking and smiling. He blushed, and was in the act of leaving the seat when she threw her arms about his neck and declared that he was the only person she ever loved. Two men who were seated opposite succeeded in calming the woman, and then explained that she was being taken to an asylum.

RUNNING FOOTMEN.—It is strange to think how recently it was the custom even in Britain to keep running footmen, who should be ready to accompany their master's carriage, lest it should stick in ruts or streams or otherwise come to grief. Sir Walter Scott mentions having seen these with his own eyes. They were also very generally employed in Germany and Austria in the beginning of the present century. Every runner bore a long light pole with a hollow knob at the top, in which he might carry a hard-boiled egg or some such light refreshment, and this is said to be the origin of the long silver-headed cane, still carried by footmen when hanging on in state behind a London carriage.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?—A man was angry with his wife, either because she talked too much, or for some reason or other, and resolved not to speak to her for a few days very strictly. One evening he is lying in bed and wishes to sleep; he draws his night-cap over his ears, and his wife may say what she will, he hears nothing of it. The wife then takes a candle, and carries it to every nook and corner of the room; she removes stools, chairs, and tables, and looks carefully behind them. The husband sits up in bed, and gazes inquiringly at her movements; he thinks that the din must have an end at last. But he is mistaken. His wife keeps on looking and searching. The husband loses patience, and cries, "What are you looking for?"—"For your tongue," she answers; "and now that I have found it, tell me why you are angry." Hereupon they became very good friends again.

FISHING WITH OTTERS.—In China and in India the otter is trained for fishing purposes. The fishermen catch the small cubs—netting them often by accident when dredging the river-banks for fry—and in a surprisingly short time discipline them to their work. As with the cormorants, a collar is put round the throat, and the little creature finding itself unable for days together to swallow anything that it catches, gives up trying to do so, and is content for the rest of its life to believe that Nature has so arranged matters that otters are able to swallow only such food as they receive direct from their master's hand. So they accompany their master on his excursions on the river, and, while he is busy with net and line, are themselves as busy with teeth and claws, retrieving faithfully all that they capture, and punctually bringing it to the bank.

IN GERMANY.—In places of that country when a young girl finds a leaf of trefoil divided into four instead of three parts, it is a sign that she will be married within a year; at all events, she carefully preserves this leaf till her wedding-day. On Christmas Eve the countrymen are accustomed to drive out a great deal in sledges. They think that this will cause their hemp to be more abundant and higher. They do not fail to visit the ale-house and to drink heartily the same evening, being convinced that this is a way to make them look well till the following Christmas. They never destroy crickets by fire, being persuaded that those which escape will destroy their linen and clothes. When a peasant loses his way in the wood after sunset, he avoids calling any person to show him the way, being convinced that in any case the evil spirit of the forest would cause him to plunge still deeper into its recesses.

THE POST OF A RING.

BY R. S.

Once in the spring, when birds did sing,
And Love and Faith had dreamt they met,
I gave my love a golden ring,
In which four coral stones were

The summer came with roses red,
The summer shone with sultry morn,
The summer shed its roses dead—
One of the coral stones was gone!

The autumn came with fading leaf,
The autumn came with golden corn,
The autumn gleam'd its garnered sheaf—
Two of the coral stones were gone!

The winter came with wailing sound,
The winter blew with branches shorn,
The winter paled with whitening ground—
Three of the coral stones were gone!

he spring return'd with buds of May,
The spring shone bright with blushing dawn,
The spring gave forth its glorious day—
But *all* the coral stones were gone!

WHICH WINS?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SECOND SELF," "A SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "A PRINCE IN DISGUISE," "RED RIDING HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

MR. RAYMOND PALLISER, of Brick Court, Temple, received, some days later, a letter which considerably puzzled him.

It was written in a plain round hand, such as might belong to a lawyer's clerk.

It had neither address nor signature; and its purport, which much surprised and startled the receiver, was as follows.

"Sir,—Accident has brought to my knowledge certain facts which, I think, you ought to be made aware of—that is, if you are engaged to Miss Leigh, as all Thornton supposes you to be.

"You have heard, of course, of Mr. Leigh's death—a most mysterious occurrence, since there is no evidence to show whose hand administered the poison, and only one person who could have any motive for putting an obstruction out of the way.

"But you have not heard that he made his will some months before his death, leaving everything in trust to Mr. Fletcher, solicitor, to be disposed of in the following manner, after the lapse of a year:

"Legacies to servants, et-cetera, and the sum of ten thousand pounds left to Miss Miss Celia Malet, his niece, excepted, all his property, real and personal, goes to his daughter, on condition of her marrying a gentleman of not less fortune than three thousand pounds per annum, and of her second son taking the name of Leigh. If Miss Leigh fails to comply with the first of these conditions, she receives from the estate the sum of five thousand pounds only and the residue goes to the foundation of a public library and museum in the town of Thornton.

"It seems to me very like a trap set for an unsuspicious gentleman, and I think it only right to warn such against it, being a lover of plain-dealing and fair play, though unable to be more than

"AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT."

Mr. Palliser had read an account in a London paper of the master of Thorneymede's death, but had taken little note of the circumstances connected with it, setting it down as a common case of suicide.

He read the letter again, a frown on his dark face.

Now his eye caught, especially by its mention of Anthony Leigh's death, and his thoughts grew busy with it, and his lawyer's memory keen in recalling expressions Augustine had used, words of dislike and discontent.

"The unfortunate girl!" he said, with a sudden impulse of conviction.

In his ungenerous narrow mind he thought her capable of crime—certainly capable under unforeseen pressure of temptation, after long endurance and impotent rebellion—and shrank from her with genuine horror, yet felt almost constrained to pardon her, in that it was done for his sake, and uselessly.

"If she did it, she is more than punished enough by her remorse," he thought, with a wavering gleam of pity in his heart. "Poor unfortunate girl! So young too, and so charming!

"I should like to know more of this matter; but I could make no inquiries at Wyford; I must go somewhere else."

He had made up his mind as to the "somewhere" by that evening.

The following one saw him installed in the little parlor of a little inn, in a village seven miles from Thorneymede.

Palliser hired a trap the next morning, and drove into Thornton to make a friendly call upon the Fletchers.

He led the conversation to the subject of the family at the Manor, refusing to see that it was a particularly tender one on his host and hostess.

And, under pretence of giving Mr. Fletcher an account of a peculiar will which had lately come under his notice, learned enough to convince him that his unknown informant had told him the truth concerning Anthony Leigh's.

"Probably a clerk in Fletcher's own office," he said, with a grim chuckle to himself, as he drove rapidly away from Thornton High Street and out towards Thorneymede Manor.

When he reached the entrance to the wood, he flung the reins to a shock-headed lad whom he had purposely brought with him, crossed the stile, and hurried along the ride, the fallen leaves rustling eerily about his feet as he rapidly trampled through them.

He was a little late, he feared.

He took out his watch as he walked, and looked at it, shrugging his shoulders.

When he lifted his eyes again, they fell upon a little figure stepping lightly down the ride in the sunshine, a small delicate-robed shape.

Mr. Palliser hurried on to meet Celia, with a smile.

"So good of you to come!" he said, pressing the tiny hand she gave him with lingering kindness.

"It was very bold of me to ask you, but ——"

"Oh, no!" Celia protested prettily. "We are quite old friends, you know, Mr. Palliser.

"And, when you said you were in trouble I thought perhaps it was something you wanted me to break to Austine," she continued, looking up at him with large plaintive eyes.

They looked as if a word might brim them over, Palliser thought very pityingly.

"Tell me if it's that, and—and I'll try to do it as well as I can."

"It's not that," he said hastily. "I—perhaps never have a message to send to your cousin again, Celia—may I call you that? We are such old—friends, as you say."

Miss Malet neither permitted nor resented the liberty.

She looked at him with big wondering eyes, and echoed his first words in astartled little voice.

"I—a whisper has reached my ears which has shocked me very much," Mr. Palliser went on moodily. "Perhaps you have heard it too?"

"Ah, Mr. Palliser, please!"

Celia laid a trembling, pleading little hand on his black coat-sleeve, and looked up imploringly into his dark face.

He took the small gloved fingers in his own, and held them close.

"Just this once I must speak," he said gravely.

"You know all the circumstances of the case, and I know you will tell me truly.

"Is there any foundation for that report?"

Celia withdrew her hand very suddenly.

She was trembling all over, and her delicate little face was very pale.

"I—oh, Mr. Palliser, don't ask me!" she pleaded, in a piteous voice.

"I need not — now," he said very gloomily.

This was confirmation strong of his terrible suspicion.

Though there was a sense of relief in the thought that he was fully justified in breaking with Augustine now, it was not without a pang that he thrust her dishonored image finally and for ever from his heart.

There was an amount of tenacity in the man's nature which did duty for fidelity, which would not let him give up without a wrench any purpose once set and fixed upon.

"There can never be anything more between us," he added bitterly, scattering with his foot the withered rustling leaves, and staring at them without seeing them.

"A man's honor should be dearer to him than his happiness, and I suppose there are more women in the world than Augustine Leigh."

"I am so very, very sorry for you!" little Celia murmured, looking at him with wet wistful eyes.

She had said the same thing to Geoff, and that boorish young man had rejected her gentle sympathy.

Mr. Palliser took it and her hand together and raised the latter very gallantly to his lips.

"You are very, very good to me," he said warmly.

CHAPTER X.

THE daffodils in Thorney Wood were taking the winds of March with beauty.

The blue eyes of the violets peeped, wonderingly, here and there—notably at Mr. Palliser and Celia when they walked down the ride together.

Not an unfrequent occurrence, by any means, was this.

The neighborhood had become used now to the sight of that dog-cart from "The Bull" standing at the stile.

People in general thought that it was the old love, not the new, who walked with Raymond Palliser under the budding beeches.

And some of them were good enough to say that it was plainly evident now he didn't care how money came, so that it came to him.

Things had gone on so till nearly the end of March, when Augustine came in one evening from seeing her poor people—she had quite a list of proteges now in Thorneymede village, and Celia shrugged her pretty shoulders at Austie's new "fad" for district-visiting, but could not dissuade her cousin from using the only salve she found for a solely-aching heart.

It was a blustering March evening, with a riotous roaring wind, which bowed the "budded peaks" of the trees in Thorney Wood, and buffeted with right good will the dark face of the Manor and the black-gowned supple shape of its young mistress as she struggled in its teeth across the gray quadrangle.

Miss Leigh had tired herself sufficiently to be glad to sink into a chair by the glowing drawing-room fire, and beg Mrs. Baldwin to ring for tea.

"Mr. Bisset called while you were out, dear," that comfortable woman said, when she had complied with the request.

"Did he?" Augustine questioned dreamily.

She was leaning her chin on her hand—her old attitude—and staring with pre-occupied wistful eyes at the quaint figures, red and blue and yellow, which went gleaming in the flame-light across the old Dutch tiles.

"He was very sorry to find you out."

"I am very sorry to have been out," Miss Leigh said quietly. "It does me good to talk to Mr. Bisset."

"Not because he's clever, dear, surely?" —with mild astonishment.

"Because he's good!" Augustine said, with vehemence.

"And it's better to be good than to be clever, Mrs. Baldwin—though he's far from stupid too.

"He can teach me in many ways; and you used to think me clever.

"Where's Celia?" she added hurriedly, as Roberts brought in the tea and lights.

"I suppose she must be in her room," Mrs. Baldwin said helplessly. "I haven't seen her for hours."

"If you please, m'm," said Roberts gravely, "Miss Malet 'ave gone up to London."

"To—London?"

"Yes, m'm—to Madame Duvernois, to stay for some time, she told me to say."

"Then Madame Duvernois is in London now?" Augustine said stupidly.

She recognized the name of Celia's only relative, a sister, ten years her senior, who had married and settled early in France.

"Yes, m'm. Miss Malet mentioned too, m'm, that, if you looked on her writtin'-table you'd find a letter there explainin' her reasons for leavin' so sudden."

"I'll go for it," Augustine said abruptly; and she hurried out of the room, and up the dusky staircase to Celia's.

Yes, there was a letter—a letter with a bulkly inclosure, Augustine felt; but it was too dark now to read it without a light.

Miss Leigh ran back to the drawing-room with the letter in her hand, and tore it open eagerly.

"Dearest Austine," Miss Malet wrote—"The enclosed papers, et-cetera, are your property, which I have had the loan of for this half-year past—the use of which I'm sure you won't grudge me when you hear that I have, through the information contained in them, rid you of a suitor whose devotion, I'm sorry to say, was wholly and solely directed to les beaux yeux de votre cassette.

"As I guessed all along, it is me Raymond Palliser likes best, and me whom he is going to marry—from Rose's house on the twenty-fifth of next month.

"That night I went in to see poor dear uncle I found a packet addressed to you on his table; and—you know I was always a little bit curious—it's one of my weaknesses—I took it away to examine its contents. When I found what was inside, I thought it would be a good plan to test Raymond's affection for you—for I had a tolerbly clear conviction that, if I had had anything like a corresponding fortune, he'd have thrown me the handkerchief in preference.

"You see, the result has justified my forecast; and, as the end crowns all, I hope you'll forgive me my little bit of manœuvring.

"Raymond and I will make a very well-suited couple, agree perfectly, I hope—you know I've a capital temper—and not interfere with each other's pursuits; and you, if you'll only make up your mind to accept Geoffrey Bisset—and I think you will, my dear—will be one of the luckiest and happiest women in the world.

"He's a good fellow, if you like—a great deal too good for me.

"Poor little me! I'd have liked my romance too, if I could have got it; but I daresay my jog-trot Raymond will give me a good life enough, if it isn't the ideal one, and I may look forward to having him called Baron Palliser one day.

"He's got any amount of head, you know if not a great deal of heart.

"The last would be first with you, dear, wouldn't it? I can't ask you to my wedding, on account of your mourning; but I would like to know you forgave me for keeping your father's letter from you so long.

"But, indeed, I know you will, if you are the generous Austine I think you, and thank me too for ridding you of a lukewarm lover, and leaving you free to accept one much more devoted and eligible in every way. "Thine, with love,

"CELIA."

Augustine laid the letter down with a strange little quivering smile.

"Poor Celia!" she said softly. Then she took up the envelope which had fallen from it—it was inscribed, "For my daughter," in her father's stiff well-known hand—and opened the inclosure which came uppermost.

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, dropping upon her knees beside the table, and letting her dark head fall upon it. "Oh, how cruel she was—how cruel! But I forgive her.

"Oh, Mrs. Baldwin, come and thank Heaven with me—I am so glad!"

And with that, to prove her gladness, she fell suddenly a-crying.

* * * * * *

"Dear Mr. Bisset,—I shall be walking in the wood at noon to-morrow. Could you meet me there? I have something to tell you which I hope you will be glad to hear.

"Yours very sincerely,

"AUGUSTINE LEIGH."

This was the little note which reached Geoff the next morning, and roused the strangest emotions of wonder, joy, and half-unreasoning fear in the poor fellow's big warm heart.

He kissed the insensible paper, and put it carefully away, trying to calculate how much of her undivided society this novel invitation would give him; then he heaved a great sigh, lit a big cigar, and puffed away at it dejectedly enough.

"I suppose Ray's got round her again," he said gloomily. "The wedding-day is fixed, and I'm to be her cousin, bless her! Oh, hang it all!"

Nevertheless Mr. Bisset took care to be very punctual to his appointment, and, indeed, before the time.

"Such a wonderful thing has happened Mr. Bisset," she said, with a sort of happy gravity, as she gave him her hand and looked into his face with her lovely eyes all lit and shining.

"A letter, which—which should have come into my possession long ago, was given to me yesterday, and I wanted to tell you."

She sat down as she spoke upon a fallen beech-trunk, drooping her beautiful dark head and the face on which that peach-red blush was glowing, and aimlessly plucking with a bare white hand, and the moss and lichens on the fallen tree.

"It was very good of you," Geoff said stiffly.

The poor fellow had turned white to the lips under his sunburn, and his heart felt dead within him.

"From Ray, I suppose?" he added, with an effort.

Miss Leigh drew up her full fair throat, with a Juno-like gesture of superb disdain.

"I have no communication with Mr. Palliser, nor even wish to have again," she said, with a defiant flash from her blue eyes: and then they softened suddenly, and fell with a very kindly glance on Geoff.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked, with an odd half-shyness, looking upward, but not far enough to meet the wondering longing gaze of his gray eyes.

Geoff dropped upon the end of the log with a mechanical obedience.

He felt stunned, spellbound, like a man in a dream more than half happy, from which he did not care to waken.

The breezy sunshiny March day felt like summer to him, the fallen tree a throne.

"You—you've quarrelled with him?" he said stupidly.

Augustine looked at him and laughed.

"Do you remember the day you gave me one of your cousin's letters to read?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Have you any idea what one it was?"

"Yes, it was about that Nevil forgery-case," Geoff said, looking more and more bewildered.

"It was about me, and there it is, Mr. Bisset!"—taking a letter from her pocket, and laying it on the trunk between them. Geoff took it up, growing red and pale by turns.

"Good Heavens!" he said hoarsely. "What a careless wretch I was! But I never guessed I had this that day, and I never looked through the letters since. Miss Leigh, can you forgive me?"

"For teaching me the difference between gold and brass? I can thank you, Mr. Bisset! But that was not what I wanted to show you.

"It was this, which came to me yesterday—a letter from my father, which he wrote me on the night he—died. You see he says distinctly in it that life has grown wearisome to him, and he has resolved to leave it; and that he gives me this copy of his will, because he has come to the conclusion that it is just I should know how he has arranged my future.

"I shall give the letter to Mr. Fletcher, to be shown to the Coroner—to be published in the papers, if necessary; and so the mystery will be cleared up, and the shadow lifted off my life—thank Heaven!" She paused a moment; then went on, in a half-shy, half-roguish voice, plucking again at the hapless moss-covering of her seat. "Mr. Bisset—I want to make a confession. I—listened—to you and Celia—that evening you were talking in the drawing-room about that report.

"The door was ajar, and I heard a few words, and—I waited to hear all. It was very mean, I know; but will you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said poor Geoff, turning his red face towards her, "and nothing to be ashamed of."

"Will you have it?" Miss Leigh said suddenly, in a very faint voice, holding out a white trembling hand to him. Geoff took it instantly in his big brown one.

"You want me to go now?" he said, rising and looking at her with a wistful gaze.

"I want you to stay!" she answered, lifting her bonnie blushing face to him, April laughter on its lips, and her blue eyes full of tears. "Oh, please, don't be so obtuse, Geoff! You know you told me you cared for me—by proxy!"

* * * * * *

Celia, notwithstanding her treachery received a pretty wedding-present from her cousin.

But little Mrs. Palliser spoke truly when she said that the life she should lead with her husband would be anything but the ideal one.

Serious disagreements are not unknown in that household. Celia proves by no means the soft dutiful domestic little helpmate Raymond thought to find her; he is in no wise the yielding, let-alone partner she expected to possess; the briars they sowed in selfishness and deceit bear thorns to sting them now.

A very different union is Geoffrey Bisset and Augustine's, built on a rock of simple truth and honor, and growing nearer and dearer with every day they live. The little heir of Wyford is kicking and crowing already in his cradle; but it is Augustine's second son, whenever that young gentleman shall appear to claim his right, who will inherit Thorneymede Manor House.

[THE END.]

MADGE LUMLEY;

—OR,—

The Fairville Mystery.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUBY EVERINGHAM," "SHOWS OF THE PAST," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was spring-time!

The birds twittered cheerfully among the tender hued green of the freshly-leafed trees, and made merry over every feather and mossy spray gathered for their nests; and several were disputing about the possession of a long and golden straw, stolen from a farm-yard not far afield.

Spring seems to be the fitting time of year to pair, with the joys of summer to come.

This Harry Richmond had told me, and by silence I had agreed with him, and he had taken that silence for consent; so we were engaged, and Harry and I were indeed happy.

Those spring days seemed very bright ones to us, and we could not believe that any clouds ever cross our clear blue sky.

Harry was not wealthy, but had what the man in the story wished to possess, who prayed for "a competence," and added, "Lest there should be any mistake, good Lord, I mean five-hundred a year in quarterly payments!"

That's just what Harry had, and he was what the world calls "an idle man," though, as far as he was concerned, the name did not fit him at all.

He didn't go up daily to that horrid, dirty London, and sit at a desk, to be sure, but there never was so useful a man as my Harry.

He mended all the watches and clocks in the house, put the handles on the doors, oiled the locks, he even set some chairs on their legs again, and put various things to rights which the carpenter had given up as hopeless.

That was how mother came to like him so much.

When the cistern overflowed, or anything disagreeable happened, mother's first words always were, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! send for Harry Richmond, he'll put it to rights!" and so he invariably did.

Somehow he was constantly running round to see if any odd jobs wanted doing, and then I began to notice how handsome his eyes were: the end of it was that one day we found ourselves engaged—and neither of us regretted the fact.

After that we began to build airy castles, and to picture for ourselves such a future as we desired, whether he deserved it or no; and like the birds, we picked up straws for our nest, whenever we came upon any pretty thing which was within my Harry's means.

My parents began to find their house uncomfortably crowded, and sometimes father ventured on a small grumble; but mothers are long-suffering animals, and mine always silenced papa with one of her sweetest looks, and a word of reminder, "My dear, we were young once; you haven't forgotten the days when we joined fortunes, have you, papa?

When we used to go about and buy little things together! dear, dear, how young people do like furnishing, and having things of their own!

"Why, I enjoyed every tumbler and wine-glass we bought, they all seemed better than those of anyone else, because they were ours, William, just yours and mine."

There was a sound as of tears in her voice and a look as of tears in her eyes, but they were happy tears; for father and mother were lovers still, although they had kept their silver wedding, and father's answer was ever the same when spoke to him of those days when their love was new; he got up and kissed her, and I always felt a choking sensation, which, I suppose, meant emotion, when those two dear old folks kissed, and whispered their affection, with their silvery heads so close together, and the knowledge of their well-tried love; and when I had Harry, I used to wish that if ever we grew old together, we might love one another as those two did.

Then we heard no more of our things being a trouble, and a sweet, contented look remained upon the faces of my dear old lovers.

But Harry and I talked it over, and made up our minds that the furniture was rather in the way; and besides, he urged other reasons why we should look out for a little place of our own, which I am not bound to tell; so we set off house-hunting.

We enjoyed what other people called weary work; we took pleasure in searching the newspapers for likely advertisements. It was very nice going over all the houses we saw, and settling which rooms were to be what, as if we were going to take them all.

We ran like children about the empty echoing buildings whenever we could get away from those dreadfully officious house-agents, who always know beforehand exactly what one wants, and will not allow you to have an opinion of your own, and look at you as though you are idiots if you venture gently to hint that the place does not exactly suit you; you can see in their eyes it won't be their fault if you get off taking it; they meet all your wishes and over-rule all objections, and make notes in little books, until you feel you will be booked yourself, unless you are very firm, and perhaps a little rude; or your promise to think it over and let them know.

We must have seen hundreds of houses, but none seemed quite to suit us; some were too large, some too small; the old ones were too gloomy, the new ones had no gardens, and were all lath and plaster, and even we grew a little tired, and began to believe that all advertisements were shams and traps to catch the unwary, when one morning my Harry came round with the Times in his hand.

"Come, Carrie!" he cried joyously; "come and look. Here's the very thing at last—see!"

I had grown sceptical.

"Oh, yes, they are all the very thing till we've seen them," I laughed. "Where is it?"

"In a most delightful place, Carrie—Fairville-on-Sea. Come, old lady, don't let us lose the cottage, or the train either; there's one in half an hour."

We were just in time for the train, and were quite surprised when we found ourselves at Fairville Station.

We took out the advertisement, and read it again:

"To LET, unfurnished, on lease, at Fairville-on-Sea, a bijou cottage, containing ten rooms, small conservatory, ornamental garden, stable, and coach-house. Rent, $250 per annum. Apply to Mr. Markham, High Street, Fairville-on-Sea."

"It's the cheapest house in England if it answers its description," said Harry, smiling at me. "I wonder which way we must go?"

Then, as the station-master passed us, he inquired:

"Can you direct us to the bijou cottage to let here?"

"I don't know of anything of the sort, sir. Has it no name? I shall be glad to help you if I can," he said, civilly.

"No, no name. We were to apply to Mr. Markham, High Street," replied Harry, referring to the advertisement.

"Oh! Mr. Markham, is it?" answered the station-master, a strange look crossing his face, which did not escape us.

"Yes."

"You must turn to the right, and then take the first road to the left—that's High Street, and if you look straight down it you will get a view of the sea."

"Is there anything against Mr. Markham?" I asked.

"Nothing that I am aware of," replied the station-master (still with the unreadable look); "people can't be blamed for being unfortunate."

"Certainly not," I replied; "it's no business of ours."

"Just so," said Harry. "One's sorry for the poor beggar—that's all."

"Quite so, sir."

Still the same look.

"And you don't know the cottage?" I asked, watching him.

"Yes, madam, I know Mr. Markham's cottage, but I didn't know it under its new name; though, had I given the matter more thought, I might have done so, for the little place is a gem to look at certainly."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" I cried, almost clapping my hands with joy. "Harry, do you hear—it's a gem!"

"I told you it was the very thing," he answered, triumphantly.

"So you did, Harry."

"In which direction does it lie?" he inquired.

"It lies a few minutes' walk away from the other houses and shops, and faces the sea."

"Been long unoccupied?"

"No."

"How long?"

"Oh, a short time; it generally lets—it's so pretty."

"Well, good-day. I thank you for the information."

The man raised his cap.

He was a gentlemanly fellow, and I could but wonder why there was that look of almost pity on his face, as he watched us leave.

But the wonder didn't last, for I was thinking of the cottage by the sea—picturing it to myself."

We had turned toward High Street, when I said to Harry:

"Let us go and see it alone first; it would be much nicer. Those agents are such bothers."

So we walked along High Street, and stood by the sea.

How beautiful it was, still and quiet, with the soft waves just rippling in, making a thousand prisms in the sunshine, with only a little heave and swell upon its mighty bosom to tell of its restless spirit, and the power of its strength and fury.

A gentle breeze fanned our cheeks, and filled the white sails of a few yachts, which fluttered by like the few butterflies of early summer-time.

The scene was soft and lazy.

The boatman stood lounging about with their hands in their pockets, or sat in groups telling yarns of the days when they had served the Queen, or sailed as merchant sailors.

Fairville was a pretty little town, with a sheltered bay, around which stood bathing machines fresh painted for the approaching season, while many a gaily-colored boat lay upon the beach, hauled up high and dry.

The lifeboat house was conspicuous, with its spire and bell, like a tiny chapel by the sea.

How bright it all seemed; what a charming place to live in!

We looked to the right, but the cottage was not in sight, so we turned to one of the sailors, and asked him to point out Mr. Markham's cottage.

He looked at us keenly, with his hands deep down in his pockets, and his legs apart, whistled, and glanced at one of his mates.

I made a mental note that the natives of Fairville were rather wanting in manners.

"Here's a gent after Markham's cottage, Bill," he said, with a grin.

"I merely asked you the way there," remarked Harry, with some annoyance. "If you don't know, you had better have said so."

"Lord love you, I knows it as well as my own crib, and have directed many a gent and lass there before. You can't go wrong, sir; keep straight on, and as soon as you get round the bay you'll see it among the trees—a bit inland, facing the sea.

"And likely you'll want a boat, sir, to take out your lady, or do a bit o' fishin'. There's my Sarah Jane, just fresh painted, as neat a craft as you'd wish to see, and nice light oars for the lady, if she'd like to learn to pull.

"Bless your soul! A baby could manage Sarah Jane. She's the pride of Fairville, she be."

We promised to remember Sarah Jane, should we require her services, and the man touched his sou-wester with a lively anticipation of favors to come, and "hoped we might find the cottage comfortable," with a broad grin, in which the by-standing boatmen joined.

"Don't you think the people are rather strange here, Harry?"

"I suppose it is we who are strange, dearest," he answered laughing. "I believe, in most small places, even at the seaside, where they are accustomed to visitors, a stranger is a curiosity to be thought about and talked over.

"But they will learn to know us soon, little woman. We'll make friends with all of those sturdy old fishermen before long."

"Well," I answered, laughing, "there's room for improvement in their manners, I must say. At first I thought they were going to follow the example of the men in the mining districts: 'Ere's a stranger; 'ave 'arf a brick at 'im.'"

"That would be better than a whole one," he answered, cheerily. "But although old 'salts' are often rough, they are generally a good-hearted set, I think. We need not be afraid of bricks from them."

"Nor pebbles?"

"Nor pebbles."

We had passed the bend of the bay, and could plainly see the trees of which the fisherman spoke.

Still no cottage was visible.

Then a chimney peeped between the branches.

I saw it first, and cried out:

"There it is!"

Of course Harry stared in the wrong direction, and could not see it.

But in another moment we were at the gate, just behind which stood a large board bearing that well-known sign:

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

"How lovely!" we both exclaimed in a breath, looking over the gate into the exquisite garden, and to the beautiful cottage beyond.

It was far more perfect than either of us had pictured.

White and gabled, with a rustic porch covered with clusters of roses, while white and purple clematis clothed the walls, and the star-like passion-flower lent its beauty to the picturesque place, and the bright green of the vine leaves made a verdant ceiling to the conservatory at the side of the house.

All this we saw as we entered the gate and walked up the drive, which was straight at first and then diverged, so that you could go up to the door from either path.

Between the drives lay a soft, smooth, mossy lawn, with a bed of bright flowers in the centre.

On the outer sides of the drive, to right and left, the garden was laid out with a thousand bright blossoms, backed by a bank of ferns, flanked by shrubs and trees.

The laburnum, "dropping gold," was there, besides the crimson blossom of the double may; and white snowy balls of the guelder-rose were thrown out by the bronze leaves of the copper beech; while the tender green of the acacia, laden with its graceful flowers, contrasted with the perfumed lilac.

In the back ground the dark leaves of the horse-chestnuts made a wall, brightened by their blooms of red and white pyramids; and under those trees all round was a walk.

There was about an acre of garden ground in front of the house, and a kitchen-garden and paddock at the back, all in perfect order.

The stables, which were unlocked, were very nice, and the house door stood invitingly open.

We entered the hall; it was square and of good size.

Around it were five doors; we opened them one by one.

The drawing-room was charming, and led into the conservatory; the dining-room had French windows, from which you could step out upon the lawn.

There were also two smaller rooms—a library for Harry (which really meant a smoking-room) a boudoir for me (though no one could say I ever sulked).

The fifth floor introduced you to the kitchens and offices, which were well arranged.

While standing in the drawing-room, which, as well as the dining-room, had long windows opening upon the lawn, I felt a strange sensation—a shiver seemed to creep along my backbone—and upon looking down, I noticed some dark stains upon the boards under my feet.

"Harry," I said, "these floors must be cleaned; see how stained they are."

He seemed rather amused at my being so particular.

"If that's all the fault you have to find, Carrie, I think the house will do," he answered, lightly.

CHAPTER II.

WE went upstairs to the bedrooms.

They were bright-looking and tastefully papered.

There was nothing to object to either within the fairy domain or outside it.

It stood in that shingly neighborhood like an oasis in the desert, shut in, with its wall of chestnuts and a solid oak fence as its boundary.

Harry paced the paddock, he examined the fruit trees in the kitchen garden, and seated himself in the rustic arbor, as though he were already the proprietor of it all; then congratulated himself upon his good luck.

"The place was worth a hundred a year if it were worth a penny? Why was it let so cheap?"

Few people, however, quarrel over a good bargain; so both Harry and I were content.

Indeed, how could we help being so?

The sun shone upon a home fit for Titania, and it was to be our own.

We had never hoped for anything half so beautiful, and it seemed as though we had found it by the merest chance.

How long we sat there I do not know, but nature will assert itself, and we grew hungry, so we rose to turn our footsteps townwards in search of a hotel.

We were going out by the drive, when I noticed a shady walk under the trees, and expressed a wish to explore it.

"Why, it's almost dark here, even though the sun shines," said Harry, drawing my hand closer within the shelter of his arm; "and how cool it is!"

I felt a sense of awe as I stepped into the gloom, and almost regretted my wish to go that way.

The gravel path was tidy and well kept, but I could not shake off the sensation which had taken hold of me as we entered there.

My pulses throbbed, my heart beat loud and fast, a strange and deadly coldness overspread my frame.

I clung to Harry's arm with tenacious clutching fingers.

Again that chill: once more I shivered, and remembered those words so often thoughtlessly used, "Some one is walking over my grave."

I well nigh lost consciousness of my surroundings so numb was I with fear.

When I heard Harry's voice it seemed first far off, and then to burst upon me with an unwonted noise.

I glanced at him, but he did not appear to notice me.

It was, I suppose, too dark, but I heard his voice:

"What a beautiful tree!"

I looked at it.

It was a weeping poplar, and stood upon a grass grown spot, while a dark-leafed yew grew close by.

Again I shivered.

"It's only fit for a churchyard," I answered, faintly, while I pushed hastily on.

"Stay, Carrie, look at these ferns; they are rare ones," said Harry, stopping to observe some bulbiferums and cambriums growing luxuriantly at his feet.

"Not now," I gasped. "There is no air here: let us get out from under these dreadful trees."

Without another word Harry led me quickly on, and when we emerged he looked at my face in the broad light of the day, with a bewildered gaze.

"Wasn't it horrible?" I murmured.

"Horrible? I thought it delightful—so cool and solemn. Why, Carrie, I never knew you were wanting in pluck before. I declare you look quite scared.

"I feel so," I replied, crestfallen.

"My dear," said Harry; "you want your lunch, that's all there is the matter with you. I shall give you a glass of champagne to cheer you up."

And so he did, but long before we reached the hotel I felt all right.

The strange sensation had passed away.

I was no longer cold—the warm blood ran down to my very finger tips, and I laughed as I thought how oddly I had felt under those gloomy trees.

"Harry," I said, "I have never felt fear till to-day. Why was it, I wonder?"

"I have already told you—you wanted your lunch," he replied, brightly. "And now we must go and see Mr. Markham; I've no wish to be 'cut out' with his cottage. What a pretty place it is."

"Yes, it is very beautiful," I answered thoughtfully. "But——"

"But what? Don't you think Fairville is a cold place?

"Cold? With that sun shining upon it? Cold! Why, I'm as warm as toast, and I'm sure the air suits you, you puss. Go and look at yourself in the glass, and see what a bloom there is on your cheeks. You never looked prettier in your life."

I did look in the glass, and I smiled.

"It's only the champagne, Harry. It always makes one's eyes bright." I answered in a very good temper.

"Now for this wonderful new hat! Which is the way you wear it?

"Hind part before?

"Well, I'm sure I looked, and thought I had hit on the front.

"Never mind, dear, I shall soon learn to be a better lady's maid.

"There that's all right.

"I'll just pay the bill, and we'll go off to High Street at once."

And before long we were knocking at Mr. Markham's door, which he opened to us himself, and by his manner he seemed to be expecting us—if not us, someone else.

His deportment was obsequious, with a slight admixture of nervousness, shown by a certain jerkiness in his speech and a spasmodic washing of his hands with invisible soap.

He feared there was someone in the field before us.

No, he had not closed the bargain: there had been one or two small points upon which they had not come to terms, but he hardly knew whether it would be right to let the house until he had come to some final decision with the other parties!

Naturally, finding there were difficulties in the way, Harry became more than ever enchanted with the place, and ended by agreeing to all the terms named by the landlord, in order to secure the cottage, and signed certain promissory papers before we left the office.

I turned my head as we walked down the street.

Mr. Markham was standing where we had left him, softly rubbing one hand over the other, and upon his face there was a smile.

Such a strange smile!

Three times that day I had seen a similiar look—first upon the face of the station-master, then upon the weather-beaten countenance of the boatman; now, last of all, upon Mr. Markham's.

It irritated me, because I could not understand it.

"Harry," I exclaimed, petulantly. "why do all the people here grin like Cheshire cats?" And he was so well-satisfied that he never even found out that I was cross.

He only laughed.

"I'm Cheshire myself, little woman; and I've yet to learn that the cats of my county do grin. I have not made the acquaintance of the proverbial smiling tabby yet; when I do—well—seeing is believing, and I will let you know at once."

I generally laughed at Harry's jokes, but this time I didn't.

Probably he found that there was a change in the weather, for he said no more till we reached the station.

A train was due, so we saw but little of the station master; but he came himself and shut the door of our carriage, raising his cap to me.

"It's all right, we've taken it," called out Harry with a beaming smile.

There was no time for an answer, but I saw his face.

Was I going out of my mind? surely that look was there again!

I sunk back in the corner of the carriage, and burst into tears.

"My darling, you are over-tired," my Harry whispered, and made me rest my head upon his shoulder

It was only an April shower.

I could laugh at it before we reached home, and forget about it altogether as we told the tale of our day's adventures.

They had already rung the dinner bell before we were fairly in the house.

I described my new home in glowing color, and mother smiled at our happiness; but she sighed too.

"I wish it had been near," she said, gently; "but I must be glad you are going no further, my children."

Then she kissed me, and Harry also; while father heartily congratulated us(perhaps he was glad to think he would soon be rid of the surplus furniture), and said it was the very thing for us, and we should not get such another bargain if we hunted the whole world over.

So the spring days sped on, the birds broke into song, their work was finished, and they sat side by side, bright eyed upon their nests, while here and there a featherless head and a yellow beak peeped out.

We were very busy, Harry and I, for we were furnishing the pretty cottage which was soon to be our home.

Our home! it sounded sweet as we whispered it hand in hand in the gloaming.

Even in the mid-day sun the name had a pleasant sound, but it seemed dearer still when we two only heard the words, and no one else was by, but the wicked little star, who winked so knowingly overhead, as though he had peeped down upon lovers before, and knew all about it.

Well! we were married—my Harry and I. We had just a little run over to Paris; but we made up our minds not to spend too much on our honeymoon, preferring not to narrow our rather small means.

The station master and we had become quite friends, so often had we been over to Fairville to make arrangements at our cottage, and when we finally came there to live, he was the first person to welcome us as townsfolk.

He knew all about it evidently, like the star!

Of course we had luggage, and engaged a fly to drive us home.

The boatman seemed still to be standing where we had left them, and they grinned as we passed.

A few visitors straggled upon the esplanade.

The sun shone upon our home-coming, and everything was bright.

Nothing could have looked prettier than our garden, as we drove through it to the hall-door.

The roses were in full bloom.

I picked a crimson bud as I passed in, and Harry brought a white one to place by its side.

"The houses of York and Lancaster," he said, smiling.

"Not so," I answered, "we will have no war here, not even among the roses."

Just then, we found the cabman was looking at us; he was waiting to be paid.

Harry gave him something over his fare, I suppose, for he grinned, as all the people do at Fairville, and "hoped we should be comfortable and like the house."

"The Fairville folks are very odd," I remarked, as I slipped out of my jacket with Harry's help. "Who ever heard of a cabby speaking of anything but his fare, unless you hire him by the hour, and go out for a drive to see the lions?"

"I rather like it; it sounds hearty," replied my husband.

Well, it didn't take us long to settle down, nor for the few people in Fairville to find us out.

Like Mr. Markman, everyone seemed to be expecting us.

They were all very kind, and curiously interested in us, considering we were quite strangers, and the questions and cross questions propounded were quite marvelous.

Everyone seemed bewildered that we had no fault to find with the house.

Indeed, what fault could we find?

It seemed to us that it was quite perfect.

Three happy weeks passed by.

We made friends with the fisherman; we returned our neighbors' calls.

They were all so delighed that we liked our home that I began to be quite amused; but what struck me most was, that all the people at Fairville had similiar expressions of face, like those who suppress some information, the knowledge of which is upon their mind and not far from their lips, but are restrained from speaking by the hope of learning something more.

This, with a dash of amusement or pity, according to the natural temperment of the individual.

CHAPTER III.

IT puzzled, and vexed me in turn, whenever I thought of it, but I was so really happy that there was no room for it to settle in my heart and mind.

Three whole weeks without a foul shadow on our path!

Then one came.

It was after dinner.

The evening was still and strangely gloomy.

We had been for a walk and I was tired, and perhaps I was less companionable than usual.

I don't know what I felt, and can only describe it as a sense of oppression.

Harry had never left me for an hour since our marriage, but this evening he said he would stroll down to the sea and smoke his pipe in the moonlight.

I thought it was time for bed, and was somewhat annoyed, and went and laid myself on my pretty little sofa which was then in the darkest corner of the room.

I felt very cross indeed, and "that's fact," as the Americans say.

Harry came and stood near me.

"Don't you want me to go, Carrie?" he asked.

I didn't want him to go at all, and I very much wanted him to stay, and longed to tell him so, but there was what we called in childhood's days "a black dog on my back," so I only answered, "Pray go by all means; I like being alone."

I saw him hesitate in the twilight, and then he went out the door without a word, and without something else too.

Harry must have had a black dog also, for he left me without a kiss for the first time since our marriage.

I listened to his footsteps as he walked down the garden path.

I expected him to come back, but he didn't.

I got up and went to the open window.

Should I call him? There was yet time.

It was our first quarrel, and I didn't like it.

And such an unsatisfactory one too, with nothing tangible to lay hold of.

Yet I felt it was a quarrel for all that.

I could see him in the moonlight as he went out by the gate.

I heard it shut after him, and felt lonely and desolate.

For the first time I wished myself back in my old home; I thought of my dear old parents, and remembered how, after all those years, they yet loved and kissed.

The bushes in the garden seemed to take the form of the two dear white heads side by side.

I put up my hand to my face; it was wet with tears.

Why was I crying?

I could hardly tell; something seemed all wrong.

My life had suddenly become out of tune.

A sense of coldness came over me: I shivered, yet my brow was hot and my hands feverish.

I looked up at the sky, and the same star winked at me which had done so on a former occasion, when Harry and I sat in the gloaming, talking of our love and our home.

It had seemed a knowing, sympathetic star then, but now it appeared to mock me with its twinkling, as though it had known what was coming all along.

My eyes turned to that path on my right, with its overhanging trees.

There was nothing to be seen there.

I don't know why I looked in that direction, unless it was because I felt the same sense of chill as when I had walked down that gloomy avenue, on the day of my first visit to Fairville.

A feeling of awe came upon me, a vague impression that I was not alone.

Perhaps one of the servants had entered the room unnoticed, but I dreaded to turn round.

Yet I glanced from time to time uneasily over my shoulder, now to right and now to left.

I tried to speak—one of the servants must be in the room.

Some unknown power seemed to hold me speechless.

I struggled against the sensation, and words came—

"Mary, is that you?"

No reply—but someone sighed, quite close behind me.

It went through me like an electric shock, and I quivered with terror.

I felt I must turn around now, and break through the chain which seemed to bind me; and though a cold dew stood upon my brow, with a strong effort of will I did turn to see what was there.

Was anything there?

I thought so at first—something white, vaporous, and shadowy seemed to glide before me.

I felt as though my eyes were starting from their sockets, as though I must scream, only my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could utter no sound.

I felt as though I must fall, faint, die—my knees knocked together from want of power—I became blind—the room appeared to swim and float before me.

I leant heavily against the wall, and covered my face with my hands.

Was that another sigh? I felt I must know.

I turned in the direction from which the sound came, and looked, really looked.

There was nothing there.

The moonbeams were streaming into the room with a strange white light; that was all.

I felt out of patience with myself.

What had come to me? Where were my vaunted strong nerves?

Impatiently I crossed the floor and rang the bell, and the servant brought in the lamp and the tea-things.

I saw her glance around in search of Harry.

She had never found him absent before.

She closed the windows and fastened the shutters, and the sense of fear passed away from me.

I made the tea, and, putting my pretty embroidered "cozy" over the pot, I waited.

The clock ticked on with its quiet monotony, Cupid sat on his rope of ormolu, and swung himself backwards and forwards with such regularity that I felt inclined to box his ears, though up to that time I had been charmed with my pretty clock, and had thought the Cupid a bright idea, and very suited for a wedding present.

The quarter struck—the half-hour—a quarter to ten!

I hastily snatched off the "cozy," poured myself out some tea, and drank it; but I did not replace the "cozy."

If Harry chose to be late, he might drink his tea cold!

I went into the hall: there stood our little silver flat candlestick.

I lighed it, called to Mary to leave the tea-things where they were, and to go to bed.

The girl looked surprised, and asked "if master had no latchkey?" I answered in the affirmative, and went straight upstairs.

First I thought I wouldn't say my prayers—I felt too miserable, and then I remembered how from babyhood I had knelt at my mother's knees, night and morning, and what she had taught me, and again I seemed to see her sweet face bending over me, and I was heartily ashamed of myself.

Then I knelt down, and asked pardon for my hardness of heart and ill temper.

Somehow everything appeared changed after that.

I saw my own face in the glass.

It was a softer and better face altogether than the one I had seen when I entered the room.

I took my candlestick, and went downstairs again and put the "cosy" on the teapot; and thinking Harry might be hungry after his walk, I went downstairs to the larder and fetched up some tongue, spread my best little afternoon tea-cloth over the table, and made everything look as tempting as possible.

I even added a small vase of roses to the repast.

Then I ran upstairs with light footsteps, and a lighter heart, and drew up the blind in my bedroom, and sat at the window to watch for him.

I knew what I meant to do.

He should not let himself in with his latch-key, late though he was; he should not miss his welcome home.

This should not be a quarrel.

It was such a senseless thing to let a cloud envelop our happiness; it was nothing more.

There was nothing tangible, nothing to quarrel about.

When I saw him coming in the moonlight, I would run down and open the door to him, and put my arm around his neck, and kiss him, and tell him I had been a silly cross little wife; and I smiled as I thought what his answer would be.

I watched the gate by which he must enter.

He must have been a long time coming, for I felt my eyelids close, and more than once I roused myself with a start and looked out again; but I grew so tired of watching, and I fell asleep.

All at once something awoke me—Heaven only knows what—then I heard a footstep and glanced hastily down the garden.

It was Harry!—yes, it was Harry.

The moon was so bright that it was nearly as light as in the day-time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Real Professor.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

IT was with an intense hatred of lessons and books that I began my school days.

Not an unusual experience I believe, with boys.

My parents were poor—though I have every reason to conclude that they were scrupulously honest.

I began my school career rather late in life—at about twelve years of age.

But, previously to that, my much loved, much abused, and long suffering mother had taught me to read and write, so that my brain was not altogether unfurnished when I went to school.

It was a village school, in a remote district of Scotland.

The master was a tall, thin, cadaverous and kindly man, of considerable attainments, and with a strong affection for boys.

Had it been otherwise he must have died younger—of a broken heart.

I loved that man—but I worried him.

A pang of tooth-ache-like remorse shoots through me still when I think of the sorrows I caused that good man, but the pang is mitigated by the reflection that I lived to make amends to him.

I liked the school-days intensely first; chiefly because I devoted myself entirely to play and refused work.

Besides, there was something amusing in the novelty of thing, and there was much interest in the mischief that could be done in school.

In the deeds of daring and violence that could be done out of it, with the able assistance of a score or so of boys of almost every age and size.

But the liking moderated with experience especially when the master, having tried every method of encouragement and persuasion in vain, adopted the trying method of keeping me in during play-hours.

To escape this punishment I tried to learn a little.

I was a bully when I went to school, being big and strong for my age.

I record the fact with shame, but it is some satisfaction to be able to add that I was not a bully when I left it.

My chief enemy, and, afterwards, dearest friend, saved me from that state.

He and I were the biggest and strongest boys in the school.

His name was Tom Turner.

Mine was, and still is, Jacob Fee.

In nearly all respects Turner and I were opposites.

He was clever and studious: I stupid and idle.

He was gentle and kind—especially to little boys; I rough and disobliging.

He was usually leader, I invariably booby.

"You shouldn't be so hard on little Spinks'" he said to me in a quiet way, one day in the play-ground, "he can't defend himself, you know."

"You let me an' little Spinks alone," I replied angrily, yet with some hesitation, for I did not feel quite sure that I could thrash Turner.

I expected a sharp rejoinder, but he merely smiled and turned away.

From that date I set Tom Turner down as a coward, and worried Spinks more than ever, just to spite him.

One day I had been harder than usual on little Spinks, who was a mere human spider—all legs and arms, which no body to speak of—when Tom called me aside and quietly began to lecture me, just as if he had been a grown-up man.

I kept down my indignation at first, having made up my mind to have a quarrel with him, but the amiable tone of his voice subdued me.

"You should consider, Jacob," he went on, taking no notice of my flushed face and angry frown, "what a poor little squirrel of a thing Spinks is, and what a great powerful fellow you are.

"It's not fair, you know, and he's a kindly, harmless sort of a fellow too.

"Besides, if his poor mother knew how you treat him it would almost break her heart, for she's very delicate, and he is her only child.

"You know I visited her last year, on my way from London, in passing the village where she lives.

"You've been there, haven't you?"

"No," I replied, sulkily.

"Oh! man, Jacob, you would enjoy a visit to Spinks' home," returned Tom, still taking no notice of my state of mind, "it's such a splendid place for trout-fishing, with a burn full of the deep oily pools you are so fond of, and lots of sea-trout; and Mrs. Spinks is so kind and jolly—though so delicate; just like little Spinks himself, but of course a good deal larger."

From this point, Turner went on to de-

scribe his visit in such a cheery way, that I was forced into a better state of mind, though I did not forgive him for lecturing me.

It chanced that I received a lecture also, the same evening, from our master.

"Jacob, my boy," he said, laying his large hand gently on my head, "you ought to give more attention to your studies, and try to be a better boy.

"You've got the elements of a smart man in you, but a man must be made Jacob.

"If a lad grows up without any self-training he is generally fit for nothing, and only a trouble to society.

"You're fond of your mother I think—are you not?"

"Yes, sir," said I, in some surprise at the question.

"Then you would be sorry to give her pain, I know, and your present course of conduct is sure to do that if you don't mend.

"You would be sorry to see your mother take handfuls of her small income and fling it into the sea, would you not?"

"Of course I would, sir," said I, still more surprised.

"Well, you have caused her to do that, for your school fees might as well have been flung away for all the good you have done hitherto.

"But come, I'll say no more just now.

"I feel sure you will try to do better. You have only got to try, asking God to help you, and you're certain to succeed. I expect to be proud of you yet, Jacob. There be off and play."

I was somewhat touched by this brief reproof, but not humbled.

The lecturing tone assumed by Turner still rankled, and a feeling that I deserved severer treatment than I received, made me worse.

I resolved to harden my heart.

From that date became more mischievous and domineering as well as idle—if possible.

I saw that the master was grieved, but did not care.

One day in autumn, some of us were sitting on a rail swinging our legs and chatting.

Turner was not there, but little Spinks was.

"I tell you what," said I, referring to a remark made by one of the boys, "I think it is not only contemptible to try to learn one's lessons, but ridiculous."

"I'd rather learn them than get whacked," said one.

"Well, I would rather get whacked than learn them," said I; "besides, of what earthly use are Latin and Greek I should like to know?"

"Fellows can't get along in the learned professions without them," said a boy whom we named Tiddler.

"He was a follower of Turner, and usually kept pretty near him in the class.

"Very true," said I, with a look of mock respect; "but as none of us intend to enter the learned professions except Doctor Tiddler and Professor Turner, we don't want Latin or Greek; what we want is fun."

"Hear! hear!" burst from Spinks, who was an impressionable little fellow, and easily influenced for good or evil.

His exclamation was so genuine and heartfelt that there was a general laugh, and one of the boys suggested that, as little Spinks did not mean to go in for any of the learned professions, they should elect him "Professor of Fun."

This was unanimously agreed to.

"But, come," said I, jumping down, "we must not spend all the evening here idling. What shall we do?"

"Go an' study Greek," said the newly-elected Professor of Fun; a suggestion which was received with a shout of derisive laughter.

"I should like to have some of old Maggie's apples for supper," said I.

"But who's to crib them?" asked a large-headed boy, whose appearance reminded one of a tadpole.

"Little Spinks," said I, "of course. Come be off—and be sure that you take good ones.

"I'll follow, and watch to see that no mischief happens you."

"It's a shame to rob the poor old woman," said Tiddler.

"I'll have nothing to do with it. I'm sure that Tom Turner would object if he were here."

"Oh! you needn't come if you're afraid," said I, with a sneer; "and if there are any other cowardly Turnerites here, they may join you.

"Whoever has got pluck will follow the Fees. Lead on, Spinks!"

The greater number of the boys followed me.

From that date the school was divided into two sections—Turnerites and Fees.

We went straight to the back wall of old Maggie's garden, and I helped little Spinks over, desiring him to gather a capful and fetch them, and then he could return for more if thought desirable.

My enemy Turner was fond of old Maggie, and frequently went to see her and have a chat.

It chanced that he was visiting her on the evening we had decided to steal her apples.

While sitting beside her, listening as earnestly to a prolonged and graphic account of the old woman's troubles as if he had been the minister of the parish, he chanced to look out of the window, and saw a boy descending one of the apple trees.

One of old Maggie's troubles was the stealing of her apples by village boys.

She had dilated extensively on the subject and aroused her friend's anger.

With a burst of indignation, he rushed out and caught Spinks in the act of making off with his second capful of apples.

"What! Spinks? I should not have expected this of you," said Tom, releasing my little victim.

"I didn't want to do it," whimpered Spinks; "but I couldn't help it. I——"

"Yes, yes; I understand. Who was it that set you on?"

"Please I don't want to tell."

I am convinced that brave little Spinks would have refused to tell to the end of the chapter, but I saved him further trouble. Wondering, as I stood behind the wall, what kept him so long, I shouted, "Come along, Spinks; look sharp!"

"Oh! I know now who did it," said Turner.

"Go, my boy. I'll relieve you of the apples."

So saying, he carried the apples to the owner, and Spinks came and told me what had occurred.

"I'll thrash Tom Turner for this," I said, bitterly, as we returned to the school.

For some time past I had made up my mind to fight him.

On several occasions I had proved myself to be possessed of a little more bodily strength than Tom.

And as regarded endurance and pluck, I felt quite at ease on these points.

Opportunity soon offered.

One day I was up a tree, bird-nesting, in one of the lanes near our school.

I had flung down my books at the foot of the tree before climbing it.

Just as I laid my hands on the nest, in which there were four eggs, I heard voices below, and, looking down, observed Turner, Tiddler, and Tadpole passing.

"I wonder what careless fellow has flung down his books in that fashion," said Tom.

"I am the careless fellow!" I shouted. At the same time I flung the nest straight into his upturned face.

The result was better than I had expected.

It hit him fair, and the four eggs, bursting on his forehead, poured over his eyes and nose.

This was received with a shout of laughter by the other boys.

I leaped to the ground, strode up to Tom with doubled fists, and asked if he would fight me."

"Not if I can help it," said Tom, quietly wiping his face.

Amazed at his forbearance I scarce know how to act.

At last I said, sneeringly, "I never quite believed you to be a coward until today."

"Whether I'm a coward or not is, perhaps doubtful; but I came under a promise not to quarrel with you if I could avoid it, and you see, Jacob, I'm trying to keep my promise, though it's not easy."

"Perhaps that will make it less easy," I said, suddenly fetching him what was meant to be a slap in the face; but by a prompt withdrawal of his head he let my hand pass.

Instantly I fetched him another slap with the left hand, but he caught my wrist, and stopped it.

"Come, Jacob," said he, in a rather stern voice, "I will fight you, but it must be done in the regular way, on the green."

Satisfied with this, I left him, to prepare for the encounter.

The green was a level piece of turf close to school, beside a stream, which, at that place, was formed into a deep pool by means of a mill-dam.

We had named the pool the black hole. It was the scene of all our school fights. In class that day I was unusually quiet, for I could not help thinking of the impending fight.

I felt that it would be a hard one, though I never for a moment doubted the result.

To keep my mind off the subject I applied myself to my lessons, and acquitted myself in a way that gratified the master and amazed the boys.

The fight was to come off after school hours.

The boys assembled with high expectations, something unusually "stiff" being anticipated, and they were not disappointed.

I was on the ground with my friends and backers before my adversary appeared.

"Don't make too much of a burst at first," said one boy, "play with him till you see what he's made of."

"I'd advise you to go in for sloggin'," said another.

"Yes, knock the wind out of him at once," said Tadpole, "he's an English fellow, you know, and may bother you with science."

As he spoke Tom appeared.

He walked smartly towards me, with his usual pleasant smile on his face, and held out his hand.

"Come, Jacob," he said, "shake hands, and let us give up this affair.

"Why should we fight? I am quite willing to admit that you are cock of the school and have no desire to give or receive black eyes.

"Besides, you injured me more than I injured you, so that you've no occasion to bear malice."

"You called me a careless fellow," said I, hardening myself, and looking fierce.

"Well; but I didn't know at the time that you were the owner of the books."

"No matter, you came here to fight, and so did I. Don't let us waste any more words."

"Truly he suffereth long," cried one of the boys with a sneer and a laugh, quoting from the Bible, which, it was well known, Tom Turner read daily.

"I am taught," said Tom, turning gravely to the last speaker, "as far as lies in me, to live peaceably with all men. I have tried to do this and find it impossible to live peaceably with Jacob Fee—therefore ——."

He stopped, pulled off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and threw himself into the pugilistic attitude.

We did not trouble ourselves about ceremony in that school.

We had neither seconds, bottles, nor sponges.

I went at him at once, and, remembering the advice of Tadpole, made a tremendous blow at his face.

Tom scarcely moved a muscle; he merely put his head a little to one side and let the blow pass.

Like lightning I delivered my left.

Tom let it pass in the same way.

Surprised and maddened I sent in another blow, lunging to my full extent.

He merely drew back from the waist and the blow fell short.

At the same moment I received a tap on the bridge of my nose which raised a host of stars in my imagination.

In short, I found myself at the mercy of a well-trained boxer.

Perceiving this I grew desperate, and sprang at my adversary with the intention of grappling him, but he stepped lightly to one side and I shot past him.

This would have been a trifling matter had we not edged rather near to the river. In my blind rage I went head-foremost into the deep pool, already mentioned as the black hole.

I could not swim.

I rose with a gurgling cry and sank again.

Turner knew that I was drowning. He was a splendid swimmer, and instantly sprang in and dragged him under, while the boys shouted in consternation on the bank.

The cries soon brought assistance, but, ere it arrived we had been sucked within the influence of the dam where the stream went under the sluice with great violence.

As we struck the sluice I caught it.

Turner held on to me but was dragged partially under.

Another moment and two powerful countrymen had hold of me, and pulled me out.

They had more difficulty with Turner. His right leg had got entangled, and, in dragging him forcibly, they broke it.

This event was the great turning point in my school-boy life.

Remorse began to tell upon me while they carried him home, but words cannot describe the agony of my mind when, a fortnight afterwards, I was admitted to his room and saw him lying, a mere wreck of his former self, but with the old kindly smile on his face, as he stretched out his thin hand.

"We'll be friends now, Jacob, won't we?" he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

I could not speak.

The thought that I had brought him to this, in spite of his desire to be friendly, overwhelmed me.

I could only seize his hand, bury my face in the bed-clothes, and sob.

"Never mind, Jacob," he said, cheerily; "I shall be all right soon, and then we shall have the fight out—a little further from the black hole."

But Tom Turner did not get all right soon.

He became worse and worse.

The wetting and the accident combined to throw him into a fever, which left him to all appearance a confirmed invalid and a cripple, so that he was obliged to give up all idea of returning to school.

"I would not mind it so much," he said to me, some months afterwards, with a feeble effort to be cheery, "if it had not stopped my going to school.

"You see, I had set my heart on being a learned man, and one has not much chance of being that without a teacher. But God's will be done.

"I don't grumble, Jacob, though I can't help wishing very hard that it had been otherwise."

I formed a great resolve while he was speaking, but said no word about it.

I determined to apply myself, heart and soul, to study until I should not only reach but pass the point where Tom left off, and then I would become his teacher, carrying him on, step by step, as I advanced!

To make a long story short—I carried out my resolution.

It was harder work than I had expected, but I persevered.

My love for Tom Turner had become intense.

I felt like a high pressure engine with extra steam on and the safety-valve screwed down.

The amazement of the boys at the change in me may be imagined.

I took no notice of either condition, but held on my way.

Soon I came up to Tom in learning; then shot past him; then revealed my designs and took him in tow.

Tom was charmed with the plan and inexpressibly grateful.

When little Spinks came to hear of it, he begged to be allowed to study along with us in the sick-room.

We agreed to this.

Then Doctor Tiddler was admitted, and afterwards the Tadpole; so that our evening class flourished.

But the best of it was, that Tom did not become a confirmed invalid.

A new doctor, who came to live in our village, seemed to understand his case better than the old one.

At all events he effected an almost perfect cure, so that Tom's limp became scarcely perceptible, and his general strength was so much restored, that he and I afterwards had many long geological and botanical rambles over the surrounding country in company with little Spinks and the rest of the evening class.

And this was no mere flash in the pan.

We persevered to the end.

From the date of that fight the boys were Turnerites, our village school commenced a prosperous career, and our kind, old master had the satisfaction of living to see it become one of the most noted in the district for turning out well-educated boys.

Finally — Tom Turner became a real "Professor"—a Professor of Theology.

And Tiddler became a real doctor of medicine.

The Tadpole also came off with flying colors.

His body grew up to his head, inasmuch that he became a fine, strapping fellow, and a Professor of Natural History in one of our colonial colleges.

But little Spinks had the most brilliant career of us all; for he grew into big Spinks, and became a general, after fighting the battles of his country in every quarter of the globe.

And his little mother—who never grew big—lived to rejoice over her "darling boy" to a fabulous old age; till she was too deaf to hear, and too old to understand, his adventurous tales.

But of all the battles he described, that which the old lady loved to hear of best was the celebrated and long remembered fight on the green, which ended in Tom Turner jumping after me into the black hole.

Scientific and Useful.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion.

FLY WHEELS.—Small fly wheels, cast hollow and loaded with lead, is a foreign notion that promises to become popular in this country. They afford the same centrifugal power as the large wheel, cost less, and take up less room.

BREAD AND SALT-WATER.—A German doctor recommends bread made with sea-water as a wonderful remedy against scrofula and disorders resulting from insufficient nourishment. Sea-water ought to stand twelve hours before being used for making dough, in order to free it free it from impurities. Bread made with it, it is said, has an unpleasant taste.

A PATENT CANE.—Berlin has given birth to an inventor, who has taken out a patent on no less an invention than that of a cane, holding a sewing-machine in its head. It is said to be a very neat, practicable and recommendable thing; unfortunately, however, the individuals carrying canes are, as a rule, not in the habit of sewing, and those that are do not carry canes.

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.—The following are said to be the sixteen American inventions of world-wide adoption. The cotton gin, the rotary printing press, steam navigation, the hot-air machine, the sewing machine, the india-rubber industry, the machine manufacture of horseshoes, the sand blast for graving, the gauge lathe, the grain elevator, artificial ice making on a large scale, the electro-magnet in its practical application, and the telephone.

Farm and Garden.

COLTS.—It is claimed by our most experienced stock-growers that colts should never be permitted to stand on a hard floor such as plank, brick, stone or cement, until after they are a year old, as hard floors are liable to injure their feet and limbs.

BARBED WIRE.—Barbed wire can be used as a fence against hogs by putting the lower wire four inches from the ground and the next wire a foot or fourteen inches higher. This fence does not need to be high if hogs only are to be enclosed.

THE WAY IN NEBRASKA.—The Mennonites in Nebraska build dams across the ravines on their farms, and in that way provide an abundance of stock water. They stock many of their ponds with fish and utilize others by raising large numbers of water fowls.

PLOWING A FIELD.—In order to lay out a field so as to plow it without having the team tread upon the plowed land, find the centre of each end, and set up stakes. Then measure from each stake, in a direct line with the other one one-half the width of the end. Set up new stakes at this point and begin to plow.

THE GARDEN.—The farmer who has a neat, well-kept garden is almost sure to have a neat and well-kept farm, a comfortable and well-appointed home, tidy outbuildings and stock in good condition and the housewife who takes pride in the garden generally has a home to take pride in and to be proud of.

CATTLE.—Direct combinations of extremes have not always resulted satisfactorily. Shorthorns made no improvement on the cattle of the plains, the cross being too violent; but where grade shorthorns were resorted to, and the progress of improvement became gradual more favorable results were obtained.

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THE OLD AND YOUNG.

"Respect your elders," is a phrase familiar to all of us from the days of our earliest childhood. When we had done with "pot-hooks and hangers" in our copy books, and were promoted to the writing out of various proverbs and maxims, such as, "Be good and you will be happy," "Patience and perseverance conquer all things," "Idle folks take most pains," we may be sure that "Respect your elders" had a conspicuous place among these trite instructions concerning our moral conduct and future way of life.

In those days we respected our elders in fear and trembling, knowing that they were quite capable of carrying out their threats of "dark corners" and "rods in pickle;" though when they were young they had no need to be ever reminded of such torments—they were too good and obedient! And so the years roll on, and we spring from childhood to youth, and "Respect for our elders" begins to darken around us like a cloud betokening storm.

We have our ways of thinking—our fresh, new, perhaps foolish ways; our elders have their old ways of thinking, and cannot change them—would not if they could.

Why should elderly persons take such extreme pleasure as they do in damping and discouraging the high spirits of the young? Why remind the ardent youth that he is sure to have all his ambitions disappointed?—why, if he has a high thought or a noble scheme, tell him that the world is ungrateful, and does not want him, his thought, or his schemes?

Why not let him find this truth out for himself?—if it be a truth. Why darken the brow of a bright girl, by telling her that pleasures are vanities, that love is a snare, and that marriage means nothing but good housekeeping and the care of children? Why cannot the elders leave young souls to the dreams which are wrapt completely round them like "trailing clouds of glory?" It is always unjust, and often sacrilegious.

As a rule, the elders need to learn as many lessons of life as the youngsters. They need, above all things, to learn humility—that virtue which they are so desirous to instill into youthful minds—humility that will bear patiently a remark from a younger without flatly contradicting it—humility that sits well on the old as on the young.

Mutual respect is what is needed in all domestic circles. Is it possible to expect the most good-natured of sons to be always mild, smiling, amiable and submissive to a grumbling, growling, sneering, contradictory, obstinate father? Or the most patient of daughters to be respectful to a fidgety, fussy, fault-finding mother? Parents are very fond of speaking of the "young people," as if youth were somewhat of a crime, because they no longer possess it; but youth is a great and powerful charm, as powerful as the fragrance of flowers, and flowers are ever young.

But advice from the elders must not be thrown or hurled at the youngers; if so, they will not take it. It must be insinuated, gently suggested, for the youngers are always proud.

Respect the youngsters; youth and hot blood have a dignity of their own, as well as wrinkles and gray hair.

SANCTUM CHAT.

In Paris the municipal schools are now visited regularly twice a month by medical inspectors, who also are required to attend in urgent cases. It is hoped by these means to limit the spread of contagious diseases. There are 120 of these doctors, and they receive $160 a year each.

—

A Chicago company are building machines for consolidating various waste products into compact blocks for use as fuel. Sawdust, shavings, etc., are pressed into moulds so that 400 to 900 cubic feet of the loose material are compacted into less than 40 cubic feet of blocks of convenient size and form to be used as fuel.

—

Paris is regarded as foremost in the absolute provision for manual training in connection with primary schools. Over a hundred schools in the French capital are now provided with work-shops. At present they turn out articles of wood from planing benches and lathes. It is proposed soon to add iron to the material to be operated on. This manual training is an addition to the ordinary studies of a primary school; the boys appear to like it, and it gives a new form of activity to their minds, and valuable exercise to their muscles.

—

The Massachusetts Legislature is considering a bill prohibiting the locking or bolting of factory entrances during the hours the employes are at work. Many mills lock their doors in the morning, and do not open them until evening, so that the work people cannot slip out and in when they like. In case of fire or a panic, however, great loss of life would doubtless occur through this practice.

—

The style of dancing has improved in England during the last three or four years, the wild waltzes and mad galops having given way to a demand for the ceremonious old minuet. "We are sorry to learn, however," says a leading paper, "that many young gentlemen bob their heads, instead of bowing, and that there is a cubbishness in some of them which makes them ashamed to be graceful in the society of ladies."

—

The recent formation of societies for the cremation of the dead in New Orleans, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia, shows that the reform is spreading with some rapidity, and that before long the method of the disposition of the dead will be radically changed. The New York society reports that already $12,000 of the stock of the company which proposes to build a crematory in the metropolis, has been taken, and that a spot for its erection will shortly be chosen.

—

One of the latest things in Parisian millinery is the use made of cats in the adornment of women. Small stuffed kittens are fashionable as the ornaments of large-brimmed hats, and the effect of these tiny tigerish animals on the head-dress of the fair is certainly striking. So far only one kitten at a time has been worn, but the ladies' hatters will probably soon, emboldened by success, introduce a head-gear containing a whole family group of cat and kittens complete.

—

Many young ladies of high social position in this and other cities have set a novel fashion, which is simply that of taking private lessons in dressmaking. This originated first as a sort of revolt against the enormous prices asked by fashionable modistes for the creation of their dainty robes. "Let the good work go on!" so say the fathers and brothers who, for, lo, these many years have grimly suffered themselves to be plundered by these extortioners, in whose experienced hands the "society girl" and the society girl's mother have been as clay in the hands of the potter.

—

The vice of gambling was recently so prevalent among the students of a leading college in the eastern part of this country, that the faculty were compelled to take summary measures of cure. It was found that one of the students had lost every dollar in his possession, every article of furniture in his room, and every stitch of clothing on his person; and that another student was in reality a professional gambler, who had entered the institution for the sole purpose of fleecing the students. When he was dismissed from college, he still continued in the neighborhood, and it was impossible to get rid of him.

—

An intelligent florist says that the very latest style of flower decorations for a dinner-table, is to have roses of different colors with the long stems and leaves laid around the edge of the table—for instance, one big rose beside each plate—a red, white, yellow, and so on, the stem of one flower touching the leaves of another. On the very edge of the table is a border of smilax. The central flower decoration is no longer in vogue. A novel card for the names of guests at table, is a brightly-polished calla lily-leaf laid beside each plate with the writing in gilt. Menus are, as a general thing, written in gilt on these polished leaves, with a beautiful effect.

—

A famous New York lawyer, in behalf of the New York Bar Association, has asked the judges of the Court of Appeals of that State to wear gowns hereafter, similar to those in use among Episcopal clergymen, and which, indeed, is the uniform of all English judges as well as the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. It has also been proposed that when judges enter a court room the lawyers and all others present shall rise, and stand uncovered until they are seated. It is thought that the greater respect thus shown to judges, and the sense of sacredness which will thus attach to the office, would raise the tone of our judiciary, and improve the *morale* of the bench.

—

"I don't like all this talk about the extravagance of women," said a kind husband and father. "Doubtless there are many wives who ruin their husbands by extravagance in dress—too many of them—but for all that, the mass of women are not inclined to dress as richly as their husbands desire. It is only the foolish votaries of fashion, who have been educated by foolish fathers and mothers to believe that the chief end and aim of women is to dress better than other women, who run to extremes in that direction. I think, for my part, that women are more economical than men in everything. Give your wife the household purse, and ten chances to one you won't regret it. This general and outspoken condemnation of woman's extravagance is absolutely injurious to society, and impresses young men with false notions of the sex."

—

It is said that the house of the future will be of glass. The manufacture of that transparent material has reached such perfection, that it is claimed a glass house would be superior in every respect to one of wood, brick, or stone. Glass can be cast in any shape, and in blocks of any size. It is quite as hard and durable, and would not be more costly than granite. It will take any color, and be made to imitate perfectly any known precious stone. The proverb about the danger of throwing stones in glass houses is a mistaken one, for huge cobble-stones would not hurt the material under consideration. What a splendid sight would be a city of glass! How it would sparkle in the sunlight, and reflect all the colors of the rainbow! Some of our young readers may live to see not one but many cities of which the houses will be built principally of glass.

—

Anti-vivisectionists in this country will hear with regret of the blow which their cause has sustained in Germany. The question whether vivisection should be prohibited in educational establishments, and its abuse punished by law, was handed over at the last German Parliamentary session to the Government for decision. The Minister of Education referred the matter to the medical faculties. The verdict of the Committee of the Berlin University, composed of the ablest of German medical men, was published a few days ago, stating that vivisection is essential for both students and scholars; that without it farther progress in physiology becomes impossible, and that no definite judgment can be formed by students if they have not been taught by experiments the most important laws of life. Doctors are pretty much the same all the world over.

—

It said that we spend in this country $100,000,000 per annum on education. This includes, of course, our costly colleges as well as our economical common schools. Yet, somehow we are far ahead of some other nations in the matter of illiteracy. In 1870, 14 per cent. of our whole people could not write. In 1880 this percentage was reduced to only 12. Of the 36,751,000 persons over 10 years old, 5,000,000 cannot read, and 6,239,000 cannot write. Over half of this 6,000,000 are colored people. Of our whole population 17 per cent. are illiterate. In Germany or Switzerland barely 2 per cent. of the population cannot read or write. Then in Europe, art and technical schools for making lads skilful workmen are very common. They are almost unknown here. The fact is, our state schools should be supplemented by some national effort on the part of the general government to train our population not only in reading and writing, but in learning how to work and earn a livelihood.

NESTLINGS.

BY J. C.

O little bird! sing sweet among the leaves,
Safe hid from sight, beside thy downy nest:
The rain falls, murmuring to the drooping eaves
A low refrain, that suits thy music best.
Sing sweet, O bird! thy recompense draws nigh—
Poor callow nestlings 'neath the mother's wing,
So many flashing wings that by and by,
Will cleave the sunny air. O sing, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! Thy callow nestlings sleep,
Safe hidden 'neath a gracious folding wing,
Until the time when, from their slumber deep,
They wake, and soar in beauty. Sing, heart, sing!)

O little bird! sing sweet. Though rain may fall,
And though thy callow brood thy care require,
Behind the rain-cloud, with its trailing pall,
Shineth undimmed the gracious golden fire.
Sing on, O bird! nor of the cloud take heed;
For thou art heritor of glorious spring;
And every field is sacred to thy need—
The wealth, the beauty, thine. O sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! sing on, though rain may pour;
Sing on; for unawares the winds will bring
A drift of sunshine to thy cottage door,
And arch the clouds with rainbows. Sing, heart, sing!)

O bird! sing sweet. What though the time be near,
When thou shalt sit upon the swaying bough,
With no sweet mate, no nestling by to hear
The bubbling song thou sing'st to glad them now!
Thy task was done, fulfilled in sweet spring days.
In golden summer, when thy brood take wing,
Shalt thou not still have left a hymn of praise;
Because thy work is over? Sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! What if thy birds have flown?
Thou hadst the joy of their awakening.
And thousand memories left thee for thine own;
Sing thou, for task accomplished. Sing, heart sing!)

The Ghaist O' Ghairlee

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

OF course in these practical times no one really believes in ghosts.

If one perceives anything now that one is justified in considerating abnormal, one regards it steadily, analyses it calmly; and, if it persistently declines disappearing under that treatment, one turns over, and, while dosing off again, merely reflects that, as our digestion is so obviously out of order it will be as well to see the family doctor in the morning.

All this if we happen to see our ghost when in bed—which spot, I will maintain, is the very best whence we can witness the supernatural.

There is not only a feeling of security in it, but also the old-fashioned and effective last resource of pulling the bed-clothes over the head, if things get too alarming.

The incident that I am about to relate occurred to myself when on a visit to an old house far in the wilds of Rossshire.

Scotland is *par excellence*, the land of visions.

Few are the places that have not some tradition, more or less ghostly, attached to them.

Gloomy and grim stand the old houses, frowning down from the rocks, or buried among dark fir-trees; and there is a cause for their forbidding aspect.

The sullen shadow of past crimes hangs over them.

If we could ever expect revelations from the other world, and those revelations of an unpleasant character, it is in one of these time honored abodes.

Last autumn I was invited by my dear old friend, or rather my dear father's dear old friend, the Laird o' Ghairlee, to make one of a shooting-party assembled there.

I was aware that Ghairlee was a desirable location wherein to find oneself when the grouse-shooting begins.

Sport is good there, if any where; and, moreover, the laird owned a covey of pretty daughters, who would be sure to make things lively and pleasant.

Personally I do not care for a party composed solely of my own sex.

It is apt to become heavy and wearisome. The men's bad points develop with fearsome rapidity in such a forcing atmosphere.

No, give me the judicious mixture so evidently intended by kindly Providence!

When I am middle-aged, and have come into the fine legacy of gout left me by too generous progenitors, I may alter my opinion, but not now, while I have still a few attractions left.

I arrived then, at Ghairlee Station full of hope, and prepared for enjoyment.

I brought with me my choicest guns and my beloved violin, without which I never travel.

Ghairlee itself is a curious old house; the passages run about it in an extremely complicated fashion, up one step a room, down two steps into it, and so on.

The hall is a portion of the old tower; the walls of immense thickness.

Many additions have been made at intervals by different lairds, long since gathered to their fathers.

I did not see all this the night of my arrival—in sooth, it was so dark that I could distinguish very little as the dog-cart spun up the avenue; but I did not notice that we turned a very sharp corner round a block of building, while, on the other hand, I heard the roaring of a torrent far below.

"Hold on, sir!" cried the groom; a warning quite needed, for I nearly found myself over the side of the trap, so abrupt was the swerve.

The next moment we drew up before the door, barred and studded with iron nails.

Light was pouring from the hall, and the laird, surrounded by a howling bodyguard of Scotch terriers, came forward to greet me.

"Whisht, dogs! Come in, laddie; delighted to see ye again. Bless me, you look other than when you were newly over your jaundice!"

Here we reached the drawing-room, which was gained by mounting a low stairway and traversing a large corridor thickly carpeted, and furnished with several pieces of antique workmanship—cabinets and so on. The drawing-room was at the far end, and there were again a few steps leading to it alone.

By the side of these steps and against the wall stood a fine press or cupboard of marqueterie, quaintly inlaid, and used for stowing away odds and ends; and here my tuneful beauty, in his embroidered case, found a refuge after a day or two.

Report had not exaggerated the charms of the laird's daughters.

There were four of them, but the youngest was merely a child—a most charming one, it is true but she does not count.

The other three ranged from sixteen to twenty-two, all delightful ages!

I found, after a time, that the oldest was already appropriated; but there remained the adorable second and the exquisite third.

This last was, perhaps, just a shade too young to understand sentiment; but the second, whose lovely name of 'Mavie' was, I regret to say, derived from Malvina, the odious cognomen of a distant relative, had tastes much akin to my own.

She loved music, so do I; and many were the duets we treated each other to.

Time went on, weeks passed; weeks were gone with all too great rapidity.

The cream of the shooting was over, and reluctantly I prepared to return Londonwards: in fact, I had arrived at my last evening in Ghairlee.

We were gathered in the drawing-room, the party much diminished by this time; one or two men still remained; and a few neighbors, who had come over to dinner, were grouped about the large lofty room, talking local gossip.

There was a quiet comfortableness over everything, and I was remarking to Mavie the dismal contrast I should find to-morrow between this cosy home scene and my London rooms, a subject I have usually found create for me much sympathy, when the laird approached.

"O, Forsyth," he said, "where is the sketch of the old tower you were making yesterday? I want to show it to Mrs. McNeile. Let's have it, there's a good fellow."

I was willing enough, so was Mavie.

After some moments' fruitless search, I remembered I had left the drawing in my room, whither I hastened.

The large corridor was illuminated by a lamp; a smaller passage led away from it, and my room opened into this passage, now in profound darkness.

There were candlesticks on a table, but, knowing the way so well, I did not stop to take one, and went gaily along towards my door.

I had found it, and was about to turn the handle, when I saw before me, a few feet distant, a man crouching, with his ear close against the wall level with my door.

He slowly turned his head and stared straight at me.

It occurred to me that a more evil expression I had never encountered, so full was it of threatening hate and devilish purpose.

I stood fascinated, watching the man.

Presently, with hand outspread feeling along the wall, he began creeping towards me; at the same moment the dismal howling of a dog, apparently in one of the rooms, became audible.

This sound and the action on his part seemed to release my faculties.

I dashed at him—made a grab at his coat-collar—struck the wall: the man was gone!

I stood stupidly: the passage was dark as pitch.

Could he have slipped aside, and be waiting to strike from behind?

Then—then, with a revulsion that sent my blood curdling back to my heart, it shot through me:

How did I see him being in the dark?

That he was there for no good was sufficiently demonstrated; but how could I have seen him?

I experienced a curious sensation, as it broke upon me that the man I had beheld was not included in the census of this planet.

I felt a tingling in my limbs and a buzzing in my ears.

The sensation was physical only—mentally, I may say there was a complete blank.

As the shock passed over I pulled myself together, and retraced my steps down the passage and into the drawing-room.

It seemed strange, that lighted room, and the commonplace occupants.

If I had been Rip Van Winkle himself it could not have struck me as being more unaccustomed.

It was as though I had been for ages in another world, and had to learn this one all over again.

Of course this feeling evaporated almost immediately.

Dugald, the eldest son of the house, came up to me.

I thought he eyed me strangely; but he merely asked after my sketch.

I had forgotten my errand altogether.

When we departed for the night, Dugald came up, and, slipping his arm through mine, remarked—

"I'm coming along to you for a quiet smoke, old fellow. We'll leave the others to the laird to-night."

It may have been cowardly, but I was really thankful for a human presence down that passage.

We were seated, and the cigars in full swing, when Dugald observed quietly.

"You looked awfully queer when you came back just now. Was anything wrong?

I related what I had seen.

He listened placidly.

"Well, you may consider yourself a favored party" (puff); "you've seen the house ghost."

I was rather annoyed at his speaking so lightly, and said somewhat tartly—

"I should invest in a better looking one, if I were you—a bigger brute it's never been my luck to come across!"

"Don't be angry, old boy; though you did look jolly scared. I had forgotten all about the thing till I saw you so 'raised.' The story is simply this: One of the old lairds, far back in the annals of Ghairlee, had among his cousins a man of bad character and a turbulent.

"Many were the offences he committed and the rows that ensued.

"At last an opportunity offered itself to the laird, and he took it, and, as he thought got rid of his unruly relative altogether. But the villian had sworn revenge in the usual style; and he kept his eye about. In due course the world revolved, and he got his turn.

"It happened—how is not on record—that Ghairlee was left for a short time with but few retainers in it; and this wing—which is the genuine old one renovated, you know—was occupied only by the laird's young bride and a maid.

"To shorten things, the man secreted himself here, and in the night murdered the poor girl and the maid too—with what circumstances of horror the history is not very clear about.

"It is consoling to know that he was caught, and paid the last penalty for his crime; but on the night when the murder was perpetrated he is there, reacting the horrid thing—so they say, at least.

"I have never seen anything myself.

"It is also true that I have avoided looking.

"But to-night I forgot it, or I would have warned you—not that I believe it, you know, of course."

We don't believe in ghosts, any of us, neither do I; but I was uncommonly glad to quit Ghairlee, next day; and I don't expect to find myself there again on the 7th of October—not if I know it!

Checkmated.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

SHE was so pretty! and it was such a charming blush with which she greeted him.

Algernon Gregson was a very good-looking fellow, and he knew it.

No one was better able to throw a fascinating empressement into words which meant nothing, and the only apparent object of his dark eyes was to make more decided love than his tongue might venture on.

Circumstances decidedly favored lovers that glorious August day, when the pic-nic party landed from a steam launch and roamed about the shady woods of Cliefden.

Many couples could find retirement there, the shade was so deep.

And the only danger lay in the too great apparent security the thick undergrowth gave for the utterance of tender sentiments—it being quite possible that a soured bachelor might be roaming unseen within ear-shot.

There are never enough eligibles at a pic-nic—at least, so mothers say.

And it is well-known that those young men who are handsomest, who scull best, and give most life to everything, are undesirable matrimonial speculations.

Milly St. Aubyn had no mother to watch her, and her good-natured chaperone liked to see her happy—besides Algernon Gregson had not less than $2,500 a year, and Milly, who had nothing, could not look for a rich husband.

But no matrimonial ideas disturbed the mind of Algernon.

He was simply enjoying the time and the opportunity, and thinking it a great pity that such a pretty girl as Milly should be a pauper.

People were all paupers in Algernon's eyes unless they had at least as much as himself.

But he did not dislike pretty paupers, and was willing to flirt with them when he had the opportunity.

To himself he never admitted the possibility of marrying anything less than an heiress, and he knew of one that was ready to marry him.

"Going to Scotland!" said Algernon, as Milly's gentle voice told him her autumn plans "perhaps we shall meet there. I am promised some shooting soon."

Milly blushed, and her soft blue eyes were raised in pleasure.

She did not know that the heiress Algernon intended for himself lived in Scotland, and was able to promise the young man shooting!

She was not quite in love—but very near it, and the woods and their bird-voices seemed hurrying her on.

Besides, her cavalier had decided that he must not see this pretty pauper again, and was very fascinating.

A few days later Milly started for the north, feeling just a little disappointed that Mr. Gregson had never called since the pic-nic.

She spent a night in Edinburgh, and then went on to the end of her journey, where some lively young cousins met her, and, during a long country drive to her uncle's place, they told her all the news, and plans for pleasure.

"We've got ten visitors besides you, Milly, and you won't be a visitor at all because mother has just had another bed put up in my room for you.

"She always rolls the 'girls' up into bundles when shooting begins, and gives our nice rooms to the fat old ladies and people who invite us to town in the season," announced Gertie, with a laughing toss of the head.

"I'm so glad I shall be amongst you all," said Milly, looking admiringly at the distant hills, and a winding, silvery river. "This does feel invigorating after the stuffy city.

"Here we are!" cried Lilian, a pretty, fair little thing. "Mamma is there to welcome you, cox, and gouty Sir Thomas has hobbled out behind her, because we told him what a beauty you were."

"For shame, Lil," said Gertie, laughing; "look how she blushes!"

"Welcome to Scotland, my dear," said Aunt Myra, with an affectionate embrace. "This is our old friend, Sir Thomas Wye—he knew your poor mother well."

"And I am delighted to meet a daughter who resembles her," said the old gentleman, whose face was very fat, and the color of it a mixture of red and blue. "You did not say too much," he added, nodding to Gertie.

Then the girls took their cousin to her room.

Lilian announced:

"To night you will meet our 'heiress'—Annie Lyons. She is here a few days. I know you will like her. But she's not pretty."

"Heiresses never are," said Gertie; "that's quite fair."

"She has many admirers though," said Lilian.

"Her fortune has!" said Gertie, scornfully.

"It's all the same thing—nobody looks at us when she is here!" dolorously pursued Lilian.

"Make haste and dress, girls," said Gertie, "there's the bell."

Off flew Lilian, and the others quickly arrayed themselves in simple toilettes, and ran downstairs.

"Annie—this is our cousin, Milly St. Aubyn," said Gertie breaking through the little band which surrounded a small, insignificant-looking girl, with light brown hair, light grey eyes, and a very pale face.

A pleasant smile redeemed the face from absolute plainness, as Miss Lyons cordially extended her hand.

"I have often heard of you, Miss St. Aubyn, and am very glad, indeed, to meet you."

"Yes," said Gertie; "she will be a new ornament for your pic-nic next week. I do hope it will be fine!"

Fervent male responses were heard, for this pic-nic meant a morning's shooting for the men, and a luncheon on the hill-side, where many fair faces would try to rival the grouse in male appreciation.

At this moment dinner was announced, and Milly's cousin, Laurie Gordon, who had only just arrived at home, came to escort her in.

"That's right, Laurie; look after Milly," said old Mr. Gordon, kindly, as he sought his own partner in one of the stout visitors of whom Gertie had spoken.

"Such a good thing my father is a spare man," whispered Laurie, as he watched the egress of the couple through a not very wide door.

Millie laughed silently, and Laurie turned a look of cousinly admiration on her.

"What a horrid little thing you were two years ago, Milly! You called me names for flogging my dog."

"So I might now if you did it again!" announced Milly's soft voice, decidedly.

Dinners are all much alike in country houses, and Milly was glad to be away from the places of honor, and chat unreservedly with Laurie.

"There have been all sorts of bets on the heiress marrying this season," he announced.—"There are plenty of aspirants."

"Are you one?" quoth Milly.

"Not I! My ambition is small and my bent not matrimonial; but she is so rich, you know. Some big-wigs are in the hunt. They say a man who was here last year has most hopes, though—a city fellow."

That night the three female cousins sat long over their hair-brushing, and the heiress was fully discussed.

"She didn't look at one of them as she looked at that handsome Mr. Gregson last year, Lil," said Gertie.

Milly brushed vigorously.

"Well, he's coming next week. By the way, have you ever met a Mr. Algernon Gregson, Milly?" asked Lilian.

"I think I have," said the quiet voice.

But something in the tone made Gertie glance in the glass, where she saw Milly with a pale face.

"Well, I shall be thankful if she marries anyone," cried Lilian, as she rose to depart. "It's a horrid bore having to entertain her aspirants."

There was old friendship and much confidence between Gertie and Milly—they had been at school together.

"Milly, do you care for Mr. Gregson?" whispered Gertie.

"Hush, Gertie—it's not that! but he seemed to care ——"

"I knew the sort of a fellow he was!" cried Gertie, vehemently. "Nothing but money will suit him; but he cares no more for poor Annie than for me!"

Quiet tears fell on Milly's cheek, yet she smiled as she clasped Gertie's hand. "Don't mind—the dream was pleasant, but I am glad it's broken, and broken so soon."

Gertie kissed her, and said nothing—but she thought a great deal.

How it was arranged I know not, but on the day of the pic-nic, when Algernon Gregson drew confidently near the baskets on the hill-side, he beheld the heiress and Milly arm-in-arm, ready with smiles of pretty indifference for the handsome fortune hunter.

He had suggested the possibility of meeting Milly in Scotland, but he had never thought or meant it to be like this.

His suave accents were less dulcet than usual—he had never tried to make love to two at a time.

"Fancy meeting you in this charming spot," he ventured to Milly.

"An unforeseen pleasure!" said the pretty pauper, with a steady flash of her blue eyes, and no soft blush.

The heiress was coolly polite, and kept constantly with Milly.

Gertie was in no humor to encourage the attentions of a man who had trifled with Milly's feelings.

Lilian was looking very happy under an umbrella, where a devoted swain fed her plate with dainties and two homely Scotch girls and three matrons of elderly years were all that remained for the luckless Adonis!

Still he ventured that evening to propose to the pale little heiress, trusting to the impression he had made the year before.

He met with a decided refusal.

And fate was really hard upon him, for next morning Milly was missed from the party; had been summoned away, Gertie maliciously announced close to him, by the death of an uncle who had left her a large fortune.

Mr. Algernon Gregson sent his shooting equipments to the city, and started on a tour through Switzerland, to recruit his shattered nerves.

Colonel Chichester's Choice.

BY MINNIE DOUGLAS.

SYRINGA LODGE was a large, old fashioned, roomy mansion in the neighborhood of London, with mullioned windows and gabled roof, that after standing empty for along time, procured a tenant in the person of Miss Martha Horswill, the daughter of a naval officer, at whose decease she, with her three young sisters entered, and speedily transformed it into a private boarding-house. Although four years had barely elasped since its establishment, Syringa Lodge already owned a high reputation, and was regarded as no other than a delightful house by the numerous guests that crowded round its well-appointed board.

Like the majority of half-pay officers, naval or military, Captain Horswell, after rearing his daughters in every comfort, had left nothing behind him save debts, which the sale of their household effects had failed to entirely clear.

He had been twice a widower, and Martha, the only child of the first marriage, and senior by nearly twenty years of her three sisters, found herself suddenly thrown on the world penniless, save for the few hundreds inherited from her mother.

Possessed of no accomplishments, such a position would have been simply appalling to most spinsters of eight-and-thirty, but Martha was dauntless, and she instantly embarked upon an enterprise, which her untiring energy and marvellous administrative powers soon crowned with success.

While she alternately cooked, scoured and swept in the sacred sanctum of the kitchen, Mary, Jessie, and Nellie dressed, and sang and smiled in the drawing-room, a division of labor the inequality of which Martha's self-abnegation failed to discover.

The latest arrival at the Lodge was a distinguished one, Colonel Chichester, a military officer of high renown, who after a long and brilliant campaign in India, where he won undying laurels, had retired from active service and come home to England.

The possessor of a fine estate and a vast fortune, he was about to take his place among the leading magnates of the county, and it was in the interval of repairing and renovating the mansion for his reception that Syringa Lodge received him as an honored inmate.

It was the night of an assembly, and the brilliantly-lighted hall and drawing-room were gay with guests.

Dancing had commenced, and the ripple of mirth and laughter floated through the air, and mingled with the strains of the waltz.

Feeling more in the humor for a solitary stroll on the terrace in the moonlight than for the gay crowd within, Colonel Chichester entered an ante-room that opened upon it, and was about to unfasten the window, when the sound of voices in an adjoining apartment arrested his attention.

"Oh, Martha! I have met with a disaster and torn my train; see, the frail is nearly off."

"Oh that is nothing; stand still a minute dear, and I will mend it; here is a needle and thread. How are you all enjoying yourselves?"

"Very much indeed; but are you not coming in even for an hour, Martha? I know you have laid out the supper; surely there is nothing more to do?"

"No, my dear, thank you; I really cannot spare the time; as you say, the supper-room is in readiness, but poor Jane had a bad head, and can render no assistance whatever, I am going to bathe it for her presently; besides, I have nothing to wear, and I can scarcely appear in a ball-room as I am, brown holland apron to wit."

"Nothing to wear? Your black satin—"

"Is in stripe. I sat up last night after you had all retired and picked it to pieces: Mixed with velvet it will make quite a handsome costume for Mary: in fact, I think there will be enough for two of you, and a black alpaca is sufficiently good for me."

"Well, I am glad that you have at least provided yourself with a decent supper, that plate of cold ham and a jelly."

"Oh, I saved those delicacies not for myself—a piece of bread and cheese will do for me—but for the charwoman's little girl; she is very ill, and requires nourishing things. There I have finished, run away and enjoy yourself. What, Nellie, have you met with an accident too?"

"Only my glove, Martha; in trying to fasten it I split it across the back; what shall I do?"

"Take them off and put on another pair, here is the glove-box; I provided against a catastrophe of the kind by procuring an extra number."

"How thoughtful of you! I was afraid my dilapidated condition was beyond remedy. Are you still busy, Martha, that you are wearing your working apron?"

"Well dear the new laundress is so inexperienced, that I hardly care to trust her with the Colonel's linen; and as the dance to-night involves the work of clearing away traces of its disorder on the morrow, I am now to employ the hour or two at my disposal in ironing."

"The proud disagreeable man! Why make a slave of yourself for him? he will never know of and thank you for it; besides, I am sure you could afford another servant by this time."

"A noble heart is often beneath a cold exterior, Nellie. If I can only make his sojourn here a pleasant one, I shall feel amply rewarded; and when poor papa's memory is cleared, and his debts paid to the last farthing—which I trust in a few months will be the case—then perhaps I may consider the desirability of increasing the domestic establishment; but my next care will be to try and save something for you and your sisters."

"You dear, good old Martha, to take care of the family honor, and we three giddy girls into the bargain! Please button my glove before you seek the society of the irons. There are the first strains of the 'Blue Danube.' I must hasten, or I shall loose my waltz with Captain Seton."

A hurried step across the room, then a more measured one, both alike vanishing in the distance, and the Colonel awoke to the fact that he had been betrayed into playing the ignoble part of eavesdropper; but so engrossed had he become by the dialogue he unwittingly intercepted, that only at its conclusion did he become aware of it.

"Ah!" mused the Colonel, sadly and bitterly, "had it but been my lot to have won and wooed a woman so unselfish and noble, instead of——" With a heavy sigh he broke off, seemingly unable to finish the half-formed sentence.

Pacing up and down in the moonlight, he, the glory-crowned warrior, the envied possessor of a princely estate, sadly reviewed his life—a life that, with all its outward success, had been embittered by a domestic tragedy that robbed it of every happy retrospection.

At thirty-five he had fallen madly in love with a beautiful girl scarcely more than half his age, and married her, in the full belief that his passion was returned; but vain and frivolous to the last degree, it needed but a few months of wedded life to convince him of her utter heartlessness; nor did she pass through the ordeal of Indian society—so notorious for its dissipation—unscathed.

Returning from a six months absence on active service, he found his home deserted and dishonored.

His wife's unhappy death shortly after completed the tragedy.

Although its details reached the ears of a very few, his sensitive honorable nature was wounded to the core, and at the height of wealth and fame he was a solitary man.

Courted and caressed in Belgravian circles, there lay at that moment on the escritoire coroneted requests for his society from noble entertainers, conveyed in woman's honied and flattering terms; and despite his eight-and-forty years, he knew that, did he so please, he could select the youngest and fairest for his bride; but he also knew that, however attractive a soldier's laurels, in the matrimonial market a princely rent-roll was an even greater attraction, and his past experience rendered him proof against blandishments of lips and eyes however sweet.

For the fortnight succeeding the dance at Syringa Lodge the Colonel seemed to be afflicted with a very mania of restlessness.

In place of the cheerful, well-lighted drawing-room, he would saunter up and down the terrace and garden, cherishing the constantly-deferred hope of meeting the embodiment of the sweet, melodious voice, the good genius of the household.

But one morning a letter arrived, whose mission was to realize the Colonel's hitherto disappointed hopes.

An epidemic had made its appearance in the establishment where his two little motherless boys were placed, and the principal wrote to request their immediate removal.

In his dilemma he instantly resolved to invade the stronghold of the fair unknown: and quietly quitting the breakfast-table, he perseveringly threaded passages and corridors until the sound of the well-remembered voice guided him into his presence.

Being neither young nor romantic, he had conjured up no vision of a beautiful Cinderella, whose only requirement was an elegant costume to render her a fairy princess; so when his gaze lighted upon a round matronly figure, with sleeves tucked up over plump, well-shaped elbows, and a holland apron tied over a dark stuff dress, he experienced no disappointment.

In a few words, he explained the reason of such summary invasion on his part, and at their conclusion Miss Martha's bright face positively beamed.

"Let them come here at once, Colonel Chichester, I will make room; and if, as you fear, they may have already taken the infection, there is an airy, comfortable attic, where they will be out of all noise and bustle, and I shall be able to devote myself to them day and night."

"But, my dear madame, your other duties?"

"Are not so engrossing that I cannot find time to nurse two dear motherless boys," she broke in, with a decision. "Send for them and leave all the rest to me."

The Colonel's fears proved only too well founded, and when his boys, delicate from a longer sojourn than is usual in the enervating climate of India, arrived at Syringa Lodge, they were pronounced to be sickening for illness, and carried off in triumph by Martha to be nursed.

The London season was at its height, and Colonel Chichester's fine material form and handsome bronzed features were amongst its most striking ornaments.

He mingled in its festivities and participated freely in all its delights; but in the midst of many a brilliant scene, through the perfume of rare exotics, through the blaze of countless lights, the ripples of silvery laughter, mingling with music's soul-entrancing strains, would rise before him a vision of a far-off room, in which two fragile children were watched over by a tender, unwearied nurse whose kind, thoughtful eyes and ministering hands seemed far more beautiful than those of the fairest belle that graced the ball-room.

At last Martha's care and devotion was successfully brought to a close, and the small invalids were pronounced convalescent.

The Colonel's splendid mansion, which had long been in the hands of decorators and upholsterers, was announced to be complete in all its appointments, but still he stayed on at Syringa Lodge, and one morning, for the second time since his arrival, invaded Martha's stronghold, the kitchen.

Her back was towards him as he entered, and he noted the graceful poise of the well-shaped head, and the rich masses of auburn hair, amidst whose luxuriance no silver threads could be discerned.

"The dear boys?" she began, on perceiving him.

"Are quite well, thanks to your skilful care," he exclaimed, interrupting her; "but it is not of them that I wish to speak. It is of myself. Soldiers are rough-and-ready wooers, with few words at their command. Martha can you accept me as a lover?"

Martha's expressive face literally shone with delight.

"Jessie—Nellie——" she was beginning, inquiringly, turning her beaming eyes upon him, when he again broke in, impatiently.

"Are charming girls, but it is yourself, Martha, that I want for a wife?"

To describe the effect of this announcement would be simply impossible: but at last her consternation and astonishment found utterance:

"Colonel Chichester, are you mad or dreaming—you, with your princely fortune and county position, to seek a wife plain, old, and obscure as I am? It cannot be! What would the world say?"

"The world may think what it likes; I am independent of its opinion!" exclaimed the Colonel, kindling into ardor. "My first marriage has taught me how worse than valueless rank, and youth, and beauty may be, and how priceless the love of a true and noble-hearted woman. Can you wonder that when I have found such I should madly crave to make her my own?"

Never did lover at feet of beloved mistress plead his cause with more earnestness than did the gallant Colonel: and after an hour's argument he had so far succeeded that Martha promised him she would think of it—a promise that six months later, saw its fulfilment, when Colonel Arthur Vere Chichester—once more a happy bridegroom—led Martha Horswill, spinster, to the hymeneal altar.

Of the ultimate success of the union some idea may be gathered from a dialogue that ensued between two brother-officers at a dinner-party during the London season some two years later.

The withdrawal of the ladies having prompted them to exchange confidences, one of them was congratulating the other, Captain Seton, upon his recent entry on the role of Benedict.

"Oh! Nellie and I are very well pleased with each other; but if you really wish to see a living illustration of Darby and Joan, go and stay with my uncle at Chichester Court. I believe he worships the very ground she treads on; and she has nursed those two delicate boys of his into such a state of rude health that all chance of my inheriting the estate is gone forever. Plain? No, not at all—quite a handsome woman, and always dressed with perfect taste. She does not look a day more than eight-and-thirty, and such a hostess! It is considered the most delightful house to stay at in the county, and is generally full of visitors—comfort as well as splendor. The tenantry and the poor simply idolize her.

"She has built cottages, established clothing-clubs, and taught the laborers' wives to cook and sew; in fact, there is not a creature in the whole neighborhood but what has reason to bless Colonel Chichester's choice."

Aunt Agatha's Ring.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

FOR my own part, I never could see anything to cause either surprise or disappointment in the fact that my step-brother, Frank Gardner, had fallen in love with Edith Clay.

Certain other members of the family, however, had different views on the subject; and to particularize one whose objections were the most pronounced, I will mention Aunt Agatha.

Edith Clay was my cousin, but in no way related to Frank, who was the son of my mother's second husband.

We were a mixed-up family, as people used to say; and we all lived together in one great, roomy house, after the manner of families in some foreign countries; and I have often thought it was greatly to our credit that we lived so amicably together, considering how many of us there were, and that we were all of tempers and dispositions as various as our complexions.

I have already mentioned the one subject on which we had agreed to differ; for even on that we had never yet come to an open quarrel.

Peace reigned, as yet; though the smouldering fire of Aunt Agatha's feelings was often in danger of bursting forth into flame.

She had already said more than once that her god-daughter, Alice Clark, was to be the wife of this paragon of a nephew.

Her heart was set on the match; her fortune—a large one—was already settled on Frank, on the condition that he married Alice; but should he prove fool enough to throw away a fine fortune and a fair bride, Miss Clark would not remain wholly without consolation, for she thus became heiress, instead of Frank, to the bulk of the old maid's fortune, according to the terms of Aunt Agatha's will.

Such was the state of affairs when, on Monday, the 22nd day of November last, Aunt Agatha's magnificent diamond ring disappeared from her dressing-table.

We all knew for whom the ring was destined; Aunt Agatha had long since announced her intention of presenting it to Alice on her wedding-day.

It was a superb diamond, a large white stone of dazzling lustre and great value; and when the loss of it was mentioned it was natural enough that Alice should feel it as a personal matter.

She, justly enough, regarded the ring as her own, since the actual possession of it was only a matter of time.

"It can't be lost! I saw it this morning, and so did Edith Clay. You remember, Edith, I tried it on, and said it was to be mine when——"

She stopped and blushed; but Edith answered, quietly, "Yes, I remember quite well."

What Alice had really said was that the ring was to be hers when she married Frank Gardner; to which Edith had replied, with a provoking smile, "Oh, if you're to wait till then the ring may never be yours;" and Alice had angrily flung the ring back on the dressing-table, whence it fell and rolled away, and without waiting to see whether she picked it up again, Edith left the room, half angry and half sorry to have said anything unpleasant.

I heard all this subsequently from Edith herself, for, of course, we discussed the loss of the ring as eagerly as the rest of them.

"So it can't be lost," Alice continued, "for I replaced it on the dressing-table myself, Aunt Agatha, and there was no one in the room but Edith and myself."

"I am going to search for it. If I don't find it, it has been stolen."

And Alice left us hurriedly, not a little dismayed, for, in her anger, she had followed Edith from the room, without pausing to look for the ring; in the excitement of her jealous feelings and pique against Edith she had forgotten all about the diamond till Aunt Agatha announced its disappearance.

But she did not find it; she ransacked the room till everything in it was out of place, and places searched where the ring could not possibly get to unless it had been deliberately hidden.

And so the whole day passed, and the one absorbing topic of conversation in the family.

More than a dozen times that day Alice's words were quoted—that the ring had not gone off by its own powers of locomotion, and that no one unaccustomed to entering Aunt Agatha's room had been there save Edith.

The coupling of that fact, together with the remark that the ring could not have left the room without assistance, made me so angry that I was ready to choke with rage, and I could see that Frank resented the implied insinuations as the most deadly insult that could have been offered him.

Edith alone was serene and unconscious, absorbed in her own affairs, and apparently not aware of the great commotion raised by the disappearance of Aunt Agatha's unlucky diamond.

The next day passed, and the search continued, and the next day after that only deepened the mystery without throwing any light upon it; but I knew that hints had been dropped and suspicions engendered; and although no accusation in direct words had been made, I saw only too plainly that everyone in that house, save Frank and myself, had reached the conclusion that

Edith could have explained the mysterious disappearance of Aunt Agatha's ring.

Oh, it was cruel!

How I tossed and raged all that night and lay awake all night, crying and hoping that Edith, poor darling! knew nothing of the insulting thoughts and suspicions directed against her.

That Alice had an object to gain in starting and fomenting these suspicions, I could understand easily enough.

What I could not understand was that she could be sincere in such suspicions herself; for it was evident that she actually believed Edith, my dear, sweet noble Edith to be a thief!

But, worse still, Jack's sister Ida believed it, and Frank's father and my own mother; and when I went to Jack, boiling over with rage and indignation, expecting at least sympathy in my feelings, I was met with a kindly pity, and the comforting remark that it certainly looked very queer that the ring should have disappeared on the only morning that Edith had ever been known to go into Aunt Agatha's room.

I was furious at Jack.

We had our first quarrel, and I told him I hated him.

However, to offset all this cruelty and injustice, there was one consolation.

Frank was more in love with Edith than ever, and took pains to make that fact obvious to everyone in the house.

Perhaps that was the reason the poor girl failed to observe the strange coolness of other members of the family towards her—she had something very much pleasanter to occupy her mind.

One day the servant ran to me, and, to my astonishment, displayed in her hand the lost diamond.

She had just recovered it in the crop of a fine turkey she was preparing for dinner.

You may imagine the triumph with which I presented the recovered jewel to Aunt Agatha.

"How came the ring where it was found?" was the next question; but I never cared to have it answered.

At least I never would if the explanation hadn't come from Jack.

It seems one of the boys—there were several in the house—had picked it up outside Aunt Agatha's door, where the skirt of someboy's dress had probaby dragged it, and put it on his hand for fun while he was playing round the barn-yard with the other children.

There he had lost it, and was too frightened to confess the fact till it had been found again.

When Jack told told me this he looked very penitent and shamefaced.

"Of course I never thought anyone had stolen the ring," he added.

"Didn't you, Jack?" I asked. "I didn't know but you might have suspected me."

"How dare you speak so to me, Liz?" said poor Jack, the tears starting in his eyes.

So then, of course, we had to kiss and make up, and before I knew what I was about, I had actually promised to marry him on the same day that Edith married Frank.

Wealth and Pride.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

THEY quarreled in a weak, malicious fashion, blaming each other, and excusing themselves.

The fact is, they saw each other too much for mere acquaintance, and not enough to settle into the intimate and thoughtful relationship of true companions.

There was always a certain standard of indifference and conventionality to be lived up to, and the constant attrition annoyed them.

So she fretted, and he sneered, and their hidden fondness for each other did not develop into a betrothal, as many interested friends prophesied it would be.

The fretting and sneering culminated one day, when she exclaimed—

"I hate to have anyone forever hanging about me."

To which he replied—

"Indeed. And I thought all the while I was doing you such a service, and you were so glad to have me near you."

She blushed a painful, scarlet blush, and said—

"If it is merely to serve me that you are staying here so idly, it might be well for to find some other occupation."

"Yes," still with the sneer in his voice. "And that brings me to the object of my call this morning, only to tell you that my brother in London is not well, and has sent for me to take charge of his patients for a time, or, at least, to assist him."

"And you—will you go to the city, now?"

"Girlie, do you care?"

For an instant both voices are earnest and natural.

Then she remembers, a little bitterly, that he has never asked her care, and he reminds himself scornfully that he has no right to be awakening an interest in her mind that poverty and pride will not allow him to foster, and so both voices grow cool again as she says—

"Why should I?"

And he responds, absently—

"Ah, yes; why?"

He starts on his unpleasant trip with no fond eyes watching him out of sight, no whispered farewell repeating itself in his dreams.

They have no excuse for corresponding, so I see two barques drift apart on the tide of time.

Four years pass slowly, with their burden of life and death.

An epidemic creeps slowly northward and reaches where, four years before Maud Dunstan and Preston Bryant had parted.

She was lying there just the same, but her invalid mother had grown weaker, and now, fearing the effects of the summer, they stole away together to the little village that Maud had not seen since early childhood, but which the mother longed for wearily, as her old time home.

They brought no sign of wealth or luxury with them, and Maud took care of her mother with tireless patience.

One night, when it was late and cool, the invalid slept calmly, after a weary day, and Maud went out alone into the sweet, dewy night—down the deserted road a little way, to the old wooden bridge, that spanned a narrow stream near a ruined mill.

Up the hill, in the moonlight, she could see the farmhouse gleaming white, with its dark green blinds.

She thought of the time so many years ago, when two little children had waded more than ankle deep for lilies in the shallow river, and when, later, they had met, by merest accident, in the place which was for a time home for the [illegible].

"I thought I needed him," she said, softly to herself; "and I know I was restless and lonely after he went away. I wonder if it was my fault, in any way, that he was not the true and earnest friend I always wanted him to be, and what became of him after he stepped so suddenly and entirely out of my sight? I wonder where he is—now?"

As if in answer to her query, a tall form walked on the bridge from the other side, and leaned against the rail, as if musing absently upon some far-off theme.

Then turning dreamily, their eyes met in a long, earnest gaze.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hesitatingly, but she moved forward with outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you—at last."

Then a long deep silence fell upon them.

The exquisitely blue sky was flecked with white, irregular clouds, that took all graceful shapes, all delicate tints of rose and gold, as the almost full moon seemed to float and swing among them.

The river widened into a sort of lake above the bridge, and the water lay still and dark, reflecting the changeful, beautiful sky set like a picture, in a wavy frame of lily pods and white and yellow lilies.

Looking down into the steadily flowing waters, Preston Bryant said thoughtfully—

"They are slipping away like the days of our youth."

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "but as the provident hand of Nature constantly fills and re-fills the springs far away upon the mountains, and keeps the river constantly flowing onward to the sea, so the care that is kinder and wiser than we are constantly replenishes the days of our lives, and gives us, not life alone but something to live for—work to do, and [illegible] care to take."

"Girlie," he spoke out suddenly, still holding her hand, [illegible] own, but she smiled, and shook her head.

"The name was quite [illegible] enough four years ago, when I was twenty-two. It sounds ridiculous now that I have passed the first corner, and find myself marching towards inevitable spinsterhood.

"But, grace, do you love me?" he pleaded and then, seeing the blush that came stealing up her face again, he said, hastily

"I have no right to ask you that. I am always making blunders when I try to talk with you; but I think Heaven I have the right now, as I never had before, to tell you that I have loved you all my life, that the service of my heart and hand is [illegible] consecrated to you and that, if you [illegible] call upon me as though your [illegible] let me have at least this comfort, after all these years of waiting."

She was looking down.

She did not raise her eyes.

But he felt her fingers tremble in his clasp, and then a slight thrill ran through her frame, and he put his arm about her.

"I have been here three days," he said, "and I heard of your trouble the first thing. I have haunted the house like a specter, trying to catch a glimpse of you."

"It would have been easier," she said, with an amused smile, "to walk straight to the door and inquire for me."

"But would your mother like that?" he asked.

And she replied—

"Probably not, nor yours either; but children must be amused, mothers to the contrary, notwithstanding; and having lived so long in a state of quiescent obedience, suppose we take a little independence for a change?"

"Oh, girlie! I am so glad to hear you say that. I will work night and day for you. I have a good position now, experience and reputation enough to give me a fair chance of success anywhere. I should never had dared to speak to you of this if I had not heard of your misfortunes."

"What misfortunes, pray? There was only mother's illness, and her health is improving every day at present."

"But do you call the loss of your beautiful home, and its attendant luxuries, nothing?"

"What on earth do you mean? Our home was all right when we left it, and I have heard of no great reduction in stocks and bonds."

"But they told me you had come here with no maid and no money, and—"

"Pshaw! There was nothing for a maid to do, and we did not want to be bothered.

"But if you have your old-time place and position, you need not want or need me.

"Oh! yes, I think, if I can't have you and the money too, I'd rather give away the money."

He burst into a merry laugh, which she echoed, and so they were content and rest, in spite of wealth and pride.

Darkest Before Dawn.

BY BLAKE PANSON.

I DON'T know how [illegible] her, and 'tain't [illegible] Nathaniel Quilpod [illegible] is harder work than I thought 'twas. 'Pears like 'twas mighty easy to be did till you come to the point, and then I'll be blamed if it 'don't harder work than thrashin' outs or choppin' cord-wood. I've come pretty nigh to it twice; but when I'd kind of screwed up my courage like, and got so far as to say 'Miss Silvers,' I just sort of wilted right down like a head of stale lettuce, and could n't say nothin' only, 'It's a nice day to-day.'

Mr. Quilpod leaned back in his easy-chair, and stared desperately at the tall brass candlestick on the mantel, as if, some how or other, it was to blame for his mis[illegible].

Whether it was that the candlestick brightened his faculties, or whether his eyes had wandered accidentally to a mammoth inkstand—a superannuated heirloom it happened, a new idea suddenly flashed into his brain.

"I'll write it! Why in creation didn't I think of that before?"

And seizing the inkstand, together with an ancient pen and a sheet of foolscap paper, Mr. Quilpod sat himself down to indite his first love-letter.

"'Taint so very easy to write a letter, either," he meditated, nibbling the pen-holder reflectively. "But it's a blamed sight easier than poppin' the question, with a pair of big black eyes a-starin' you through and through."

* * * * *

"Dear me!" sighed grandma Silvers, apostrophising the tea-kettle, as it faintly crimmed its evening tune over the fire, "here 'tis five o'clock, and you ain't a-living yet. I must have supper ready when she comes, tired and hungry; though it does take a lot of wood to cook and keep warm this cold weather."

A wintry gust swept sharply over the little one-story cottage, driving in through every crack and crevice of the weather-beaten old door, even driving down the chimney, and causing grandma Silvers to draw her well-worn shawl more closely about her thin shoulders.

"Oh, here you are now [illegible] supper not ready yet!" she ejaculated, as her daughter entered, bringing in a stronger whiff of the frosty air outside, and scattering a powdery trail of snow-flakes in her wake.

"I dunno what we air goin' to do," pursued the old lady, bustling rapidly from the little corner cupboard to the tiny round table set out before the fire. "The wood's a-most gone now, and we ain't got more'n enough bread to last over to-morrow. Mebbe, though, Amandy Perky 'll pay you her next quarter in advance, and that [illegible]."

Miss Silvers had sunk into a low chair by the fireplace, warming her benumbed fingers over the ruddy blaze.

"We can't depend on that mother," she returned wearily. "For Amanda told me to-day that she could not afford to take another quarter's lessons."

"Well, well, trouble never does come single, they say. But let's have supper, anyhow. Mebbe [illegible] There's somebody a-knockin' at the door. Who kin it be, I wonder? Oh, is it you, Polly? Come in."

"Yes, it's me, grandma."

And a tall girl, with bold black eyes stepped into the room, trailing a heavily flounced calico dress across the bare floor.

"I've come to tell you that I'm a-goin' to be married to-morrow. What do you think of that?"

And she cast a triumphant glance from one to the other of her relatives.

"Married, child? Law sakes?" cried grandma, dropping her spectacles on the floor.

"Who is it, Polly?" ask her aunt, smiling; "Solomon Wilton? I always thought that would be a match yet."

"Solomon Wilton indeed! As if I'd have him!"

The black eyes flashed scornfully.

"It's Nathaniel Quilpod—that's who 'tis. He wrote me a letter, and said he was awful lonesome, and wanted me to marry him to-morrow. He's years and years older'n me, of course; but they say those old bachelders allus do pick out the youngest wife they kin find. I was kind of took by surprise, just at first, though I've saw he wanted me for a good while back. Any way, I'm a-goin' to hev him: and won't I dash about, though, when I'm [illegible] and make the other girls wish [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"We could [illegible] Miss Silvers [illegible] "We [illegible] it to wear to a wedding.

"That's what I thought of course," said Polly complacently. "And there's [illegible] to be over so many people there, too. And I want to borrow your silver spoons, grandma, and them flowered china plates. I'll send you a piece of my wedding-cake," she added condescendingly, as she bore away the plates and spoons in triumph.

"Humph! who'd a-thought Nathaniel Quilpod would ever marry such a giddy fly-about as [illegible]" commented the old lady. "Polly's [illegible] as a peacock, when, if she is my grand-darter. But I did think Nathaniel had better sense. I used to think Mary——"

"Never mind, mother, what you used to think."

Miss Silvers' cheek was flooded with crimson, and her dark eyes avoided her mother's gaze.

"We have enough to worry ourselves over, without troubling ourselves about—about Mr. Quilpod's affairs."

"Well, well, it 'ain't best to borrow trouble, of thinks do look black, [illegible] the mother consolingly. "It's allus darkest just before dawn, they say."

And she rattled the tea things briskly, as if bidding defiance to the grim wolf which she knew was drawing nearer and nearer to the door.

* * * * * *

"There goes Mr. Quilpod, Mary! Look—quick!" cried grandma Silvers, as a jingle of sleigh-bells cleft the frosty air. "Why, fur massy sakes! he's a stoppin' in here. What can that be fur? You open the door, Mary, while I run and put on a clean cap and gown. You look all right."

"A-hem!" coughed Nathaniel, somewhat embarrassed, as he held out his hand, which Miss Silvers just touched with her slim fingers. "I—I thought I'd come round a leetle ahead of time, and see if you was all ready like."

"Ready?"

The dark-lashed eyes gazed wonderingly into Nathaniel's ruddy face.

"Yes. The parson will be here in about half-an-hour. And—and I've brought you a new shawl and a set of furs—a weddin' present like. There's one fur your mother, too; fur I want you both to go back with me after we're married, and it's sort of cold out."

"Me? Why, I thought you was going to [illegible]"

"And so I be! Ain't you Polly Silvers, I'd like to know—the same little black-eyed Polly that I used to haul to school on my sled, nigh twenty years ago? And—Why, bless me! didn't you get my letter, asking you to marry me? And didn't you write back and say you would?"

"No! Oh, Nathaniel, did you really mean me? Nobody calls me Polly now, you know."

"Why of course I meant you!" declared Nathaniel emphatically. "You are always Polly to me. You didn't suppose I meant that sassy-looking niece of yours, did you?"

And so there was nothing for it but to send an explanation to the other Polly, which the minister, being a good-natured man volunteered to take after he had performed the ceremony for which he had been engaged.

"I said 'twas allus the darkest just before dawn," said grandma Silver complacently, wrapping herself in the thick new shawl Nathaniel had brought, for she was going to live with the newly-wedded couple.

But another surprise awaited them.

"Here's your spoons and your plates, grandma, and a piece of my wedding-cake. I'm Mrs. Solomon Wilton now."

And Polly Silvers that was rustled into the room in her bridal finery, the bold black eyes flashing a defiant glance at Nathaniel Quilpod who returned it with a smile.

And so Polly had her proposal after all.

OFFICIAL AND CLERICAL ENGLAND.—For the "receipt of customs" alone, 5,223 clerks, collectors, and other officials were required in 1881-2, at an expense to the State of £1,000,000 for salaries, &c., and for the collection of the inland revenue (excise &c.) 5,985 person were employed, at an expenditure for salaries of nearly £2,000,000. The largest of the national establishments is the Post Office, which employs nearly 50,000 persons at a cost of £5,500,000. The education Department for England, though employing 936 officials, shows an outlay of £3,000,000 of the public money. The Office of Works, with 3,700 officials, cost the country last year more than £1,000,000, and the Home Office, with only 412 employes, £1,750,000.

There are nearly 80 departments in all, in which a whole army of clerks and other officials are employed, at a cost for the current year of £25,292,218. The civil service has been likened to a large bee-hive, and the comparison is, in one respect at least, a very good one. For instance, if we take any one of these huge civil departments, we shall discover therein the usual appearance of a bee-hive, with its inhabitants divided into the same classes of workers and drones. But there is this great difference—that whereas in the bee-hive proper the "workers" are the best treated, in these State bee-hives the very opposite principle too often is applied.

MASSACHUSETTS has adopted five books for its public schools.

Nervous Prostration

A very large number of persons are sufferers from physical or nervous exhaustion and a low state of vitality, brought on by various causes. They are not sick enough to be classed with invalids, but well enough to enjoy life, or do any bodily or mental work without excessive weariness [illegible] testify. For this class of persons [illegible] Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. [illegible] & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, [illegible] is especially adapted, acting as it does directly on the great nervous centres, rendering them more vigorous, active, and efficient. Send for their pamphlet describing the nature and action of this remarkable Treatment. It will be mailed free.

Our Young Folks.

FATHER'S ENEMY.

BY PIPKIN.

WELL, children, ours was an uplying farm, the house, quaint and old-fashioned, where I, my four brothers, three sisters, our father and mother, and Nancy dwelt.

Nancy was old, gray-headed and weather-beaten, but we loved her for her goodness and honesty.

My first recollection really begins with a cold, bleak day in winter, with a wild, grey sky overhead, the ground frozen beneath our feet, and oh, such a cold, biting wind blowing!

Our father and a horseman were at the front gate.

I remember how tall, and stern, and angry they looked—particularly the horseman, standing out so sharply against the iron-grey sky, to me a simple child of six years.

I fancy I see myself—a little maid in fine homespun, with fair, twining, silky hair, tossed hither and thither by the wind, as I watched and listened, standing by the door.

I know old Ruff raved, and would fain have been tearing at the stranger.

I had my hands full to hold him, but I did, for he and I were fast friends.

No wonder he was in such a fury, considering what loud, angry words those two, my father and the dark horsemen cast each at one another.

While I listened and wondered, Nancy came out and whisked me in.

"Who is he—that man, Nancy?" I asked in the "living-room," whither Nancy led me, and where the logs crackled and burnt on the hearth, throwing out a pleasant warmth and glow.

"Your father's enemy," said she, and pursed up her mouth in a way which I knew meant mystery and silence.

"What is an enemy?" I questioned, in my childish ignorance.

It may seem strange, but I never heard the word before.

"Nothing good, child."

That was all our old servant deigned to tell me.

In a maze of doubt and uncertainty, I took down my father's dictionary, to learn the meaning.

I had seen my elders do the same thing when a word puzzled them.

The book was high up in the book-case, but by standing on a chair, I could easily look the word out there, and also watch the two at the gate.

I was glad I could not hear, for the wind tossed their words away, as they were saying over their weighty affairs.

At last the stranger rode away, scowling and angry looking.

In imagination, children, I see him now, just as I saw him that day, and the very way he sat in his saddle.

No wonder I recognized him so well when next I met him. I had also found my word:

"Enemy—A foe, adversary, opponent."

Well, I was not much wiser than before, but I kept on muttering my string of mysteries over and over to myself all the rest of the day.

And in the evening, as we all sat round the fire, I had an opportunity of speaking out the fullness of my young thoughts.

Remarkably enough, these words came in the course of our father's reading—he always read a chapter to us from the Bible every evening:

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

The words sounded to me strangely inconsistent, child though I was, rolling out so full and strong from my father's lips, recalling the stormy scene at the gate that very morning.

"What is an enemy, father?" I questioned, when he seemed to an end, and he bowed his head somewhat moodily on his hand.

I was his pet, his "wee Eunie," as he called me, and I always sat next him at home and hearth.

"An enemy, child!" he started somewhat at my question; "one who works us ill," was his curt response.

"Webster says 'tis a foe, adversary, opponent," quoth I, speaking learnedly, and feeling proud thereof.

"Yes, child, that's to the same point, only he puts it like a scholar, d'ye see?"

"And what do the words mean, father?" I questioned, not noting my mother's looks, and that Nancy was shaking her kind old head.

"A foe is just the opposite of a friend," my father explained, raising up somewhat, and clearing his throat, "an adversary one that stands against another, and an opponent fights against one."

"Like Apollyon in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' as my chattering tongue, by way of illustration.

"Well, yes, my child; you put it strongly; but it is very like."

"And we must love our enemies?" I persisted in asking.

"Yes, Eunice, you heard the Bible words, and Bible words are God's words, and our law."

"Father, do you love your enemy?" I seem to hear my voice now, so very long ago putting that question, as I lay my head on my father's knee, as he sat in his chair, which was shaded by his hand again.

"Did Christian love Apollyon, Eunice?" he asked, with something in his tone I did not like.

"No, father—how could he love him?" I replied.

My father did not answer, so a silence fell upon us, save for the crackling of the logs in the fireplace.

"Father, ought I to love your enemy?" I asked.

I was a curious little maiden, and wanted to know why and wherefore my father had an enemy, and whether he was mine as well.

For certainly I felt inclined not to keep the Bible rule, thinking of that dark, hard-faced man, whom I had watched ride away.

"Children must have no enemies," replied my mother, gently.

I do not think my father was angry with me, although he put me from him, and requested my mother to take me to bed, without giving me my accustomed good-night kiss.

For, when he came up to bed later on, and I lay pondering in the moonlight, as only children ponder, in such an innocent maze of wonder as never comes to us later in life, he stole into my room, and kissed me very fondly.

"Father," I whispered, tears coming to my eyes.

"Well, my child?"

"I like everybody, but I like you best of all."

"Ah, my little maid, keep to that," he said.

And then he walked slowly from the room, sighing heavily.

After this, days came and went; and I was ten years old.

A great age, my mother told me on my birthday, and bade me be careful, and learn housewifely ways.

Indeed, that winter-time I found myself at the head of affairs in the house—I and Nancy, who could do little but sit by the fire and knit, seeing she was almost crippled with rheumatism.

It was a cold, dreary time, early in January, the lambs not yet come, and the ground hard with frost.

Our parents had, since Christmas-time, been staying at the house of an uncle, who lay on a sick-bed, from which he never arose.

Oh, it was very desolate and lonely at our farm, with father and mother away, frost without, and stretches of snow about you right and left. And how the wind moaned!

Such unearthly sounds it made, as it swept round the house one afternoon, when Andrew, our one man, came in with the keys, and I hung them on the nail by the back door, ready for the morrow.

"There'll be more snow before morning, Miss Eunice," he said, patting me on the head in his kindly fashion. "Happy is the man that has no home to go to to-night."

And so saying, he took his departure for the village.

Yes, there was something falling and driving in the wind, I perceived, as I looked out of the door.

An uncanny appearance the downs had at the close of a winter's day; shadows always forming and reforming—even monsters seeming to spring out of nothing, and as mysteriously to vanish again.

And to-night, with those few flakes of snow tossed and driven before the wind, one could fancy all sorts of phantom shapes, only half seen, creeping and drawing near.

But I must not keep the door open, letting in the snow and wind, so I closed it and ran into the house.

"Andrew says, 'Happy is the man as has no home to go to.' I'd not think myself happy to be abroad to-night," I remarked, coming into the circle of fire-light, where sat Nancy knitting, the boys roasting chestnuts, and the wee ones playing their dolls.

"Ay, child, and that's what Andrew meant; happy they who sit at home like us, and haven't got to go home like he has," explained the old woman.

"'Twill be a wild night for them as have no homes," said Nancy, and all together the storm seemed to gather and gather.

We could see the snow weaving itself into wreaths outside the uncurtained windows, and it was well-nigh a full moon, so that, though the latter was quite hidden and lost, the downs were not the maze of gloom as on moonless nights.

I saw the young ones to bed—even the boys went early.

It was strangely quiet as I stood at the landing window in the dark, looking out at the storm.

I was never afraid, this at once, with the storm without, and I and Nancy at the head of the household, made me feel very strong and brave to-night.

It seemed that, if need were, I could even withstand those wild, stormy downs, with the phantoms and gloomy nothings forming so grotesque'ly.

Ah! even as I looked there came creeping and winding along a procession very like a funeral—folk at head, folk at feet, and a something between them.

Ah! it was no fancy—nothing to fade and die; for, oh! it held on and on, now lost as the snow hid it, now seen as the snow was lifted.

And how the snow was heaping and piling, here and there, where the wind tossed it!

Now the weird procession entered the wooden hut where the shepherds sheltered when driven by a storm.

And then the changeful shapes formed, vanished, and reformed, where that real something had passed.

What was it? who were they? oh! what did it all mean? I crept down to the "living-room," where Nancy was, to whom I told my tale, kneeling on the hearth.

"Fancy, child all fancy!" said the trusty soul, the wind wailing and shrieking without, as if it knew better.

We were just eating our frugal supper of bread-and-milk, she and I, when lo! a living cry—a storm-voice—came to us.

"Help!" it said, "help!"

Then the tempest swept past and drowned the entreaty.

"Child, run to the landing window, and look out. We must be wary: yet a fellow-creature in dire need must not be left outside to-night," said Nancy.

Naught but the white dreary waste met my eye, with shapes and shadows mustering and retiring, but the same cry came once and again, the mad winds tossing it in fragments, as for very scorn.

"Eunice, take a lantern and go you forth—not far, child, not far," so said Nancy when I came below again.

And forth with a lantern I started, a little muffled figure, my gleam of light wandering on before.

The snow lay sparse and thin for some distance around the gate, as I strayed about, not knowing where to go or who was calling me. A word, only that one, now here, now there, luring me on, that was all.

No, not all; for when the wind had well-nigh lifted me off my feet, I espied a something dark, nearly buried in a snowdrift—how deep I did not know till afterwards.

Thither, then, I bent my steps, my light going before like a tremulous smile.

'Twas a man nearly covered with snow—a dark-faced man—I found, as I bent down, bringing the light of my lantern to fall upon him. And—

"You're father's enemy!" fell from my lips in a sheer maze of surprise and wonder. No, not fear; it was all too sudden for fear to step in.

"Yes, and yours, too, I suppose." The man's voice was bitter, though his teeth chattered.

"Little children should have no enemies," my mother's gentle voice seemed saying in my ears; and that evening's talk of so long ago came back, a living thing of to-night, now.

"No," I said, echoing my mother's words, "children should have no enemies. What can I do for you?"

"My horse got into this snowdrift; he threw me—my leg is broken; now, what can you do for me?"

The man's eyes looked questioningly into mine.

"I don't know. Folk can't walk on broken legs," I mused aloud; "Nancy and I can't carry you, and father isn't at home."

"I must walk child or die here of cold."

"Stay, I'll fetch Nancy's stick," I said a happy thought striking me.

"'Tis father's enemy thrown from his horse; he must e'en walk and come in or die of cold," I said darting into the "living-room," lantern in hand.

"My child bring him in, if so be ye can; 'twill be but heaping the coals," said Nancy.

Out into the pitiless storm again, by the snowdrift and the needy man, father's enemy, I passed.

"Now, sir," Oh! he was numb and helpless, but full of pain, as I helped him to rise. I had brought father's stick, as well as Nancy's—she bade me, and now, one in each hand, he stood. How he groaned!

"Let me steady your leg, so," said I stooping.

"Gentle little hands," I heard him say; "not the hands of an enemy."

But we trudged home thus, slowly yet steadily, and we mounted upstairs until at last we had lodged him snug and warm in our father's bed.

Our father's enemy with a broken bone and a fever—that is what Nancy and I gathered to us in that snowy night; and we did our duty by him, as if he had been father's friend.

By the time our patient's bone was closed, and he in his right mind and recovering, our parents returned from our uncle's funeral—yes he had died.

We will pass over my father's amazement when I told him that his enemy was in the house, and that probably I had saved his life; I had sent no letter—letters were serious affairs in those days.

"Yes, Wharton, your little daughter saved my life that night; she heaped the coals with a vengance," said my patient, whose name was Thomas Jones, as he told me one evening in the spring-time, when shimmering lights lay on the downs, and the young lambs were gambolling among them, as the two stood by the window.

"Yes she's been a good little refiner of silver; the true metal has flowed out at last," replied my father.

I never heard the story of that ten-years' enmity; but oh! I know of a true, noble, lasting friendship between the two till the end of life. And they called me their preserver.

What was the [illegible]?

Ah, yes! they said [illegible] dead of [illegible] funeral gathering, hovering round the house, and intending to break in upon us, knowing how helpless we were.

Only my glimmering lantern-light, and the lights gliting from the window all night, scared them away; for they all thought we were prepared for them.

Member of the New Club—"Professor, I have called to ask you to give us a motto for our new club. We want something [illegible] 'Professor Sparks, the suggestive motto?' Well, yes, I know of a very good one just the thing—'Delirium tremens!'"

FORTY YEARS AGO.

FAMILY cooking was better than at present. Our mothers and grandmothers "took a hand" in it. Bread was made at home. Coffee was freshly ground every morning for breakfast. The grinding of the family coffee-mill was a familiar sound of the early morning, long ere the children were up. Foreign help had less sway in the kitchen than now, and European hands did not make a botch of such purely American dishes as punkin pie, codfish cakes, pork and beans, corn bread, buckwheat cakes and succotash.

People then did not live as long, nor was the average health as good as it is to-day; they ate more meat, more grease, more hot bread, more heavy dishes, drank more at meals and afterward chewed more tobacco.

Dyspeptics and consumptives were more common; disease and premature death were devoutly laid at the Deity's door and alluded to as "dispensations of Providence."

Tombstones had longer epitaphs and more verbosity engraved upon them.

At funerals the undertakers cried with the mourners, the flow of tears being proportionate to the expense of the funeral.

Coffins were very plain, and burial caskets unknown.

Young folks in couples counted it a privilege to sit up nights with the corpse before burial, and in many cases it was a welcome recreation.

New Orleans molasses, very black and thin, was the common "sweetening" for buckwheat cakes. Refined molasses was [illegible].

The bank bills were of State banks, and the farther West their locality the shakier were they. Illinois and Indiana bills would barely pass in New York city.

Much of the silver currency—sixpences, shillings and dollars—was of Mexican coinage, brought to this country by the Santa Fe traders.

The country retail trade was better than now. People then could not so easily by rail run up to the city and spend their largest accumulations for the more expensive stuffs.

Country drygoods stores renewed their stock from the city twice a year. The arrival of "new goods" created quite a flutter. It filled the store for two or three days—until all the women in the village had seen the new styles.

Eggs were a shilling a dozen, and butter was considered high at eighteen pence per pound.

There was "York currency," being eight shillings to the dollar, and New England currency, six shillings to the dollar.

Business letters were more voluminous and formal than now, and written in a precise, round hand.

Insane asylums contained a greater proportion of lunatics, paralytics and victims of St. Vitus' dance than they do to-day.

The railroad had not strung places together and there were fewer hospitals for special diseases were kept at home.

The diet was more surcharged with grease. The winter breakfast at thousands of tables consisted of salted ham, and hot cakes.

Dinner was simply a hasty lunch at noon. Little importance was attached to the necessity for good digestion or a period of rest after eating.

The same heavy diet prevailed in many families, without change, winter and summer. Hence on approach of the first warmth of spring came "spring fever" and and biliousness. For this the doctors of the period gave strong cathartics, possibly a [illegible].

The regular profession then used mercury in a manner which would now be deemed reckless. The patient was given a regular purgation and directed to "diet" for a few days. Children were strongly dosed with castor oil and rhubarb and salts and senna on the least provocation.

It was a strong age for medicine, and an age of strong medicine. Under such treatment the strong managed to recover, the weak died, and the medium class physically lingered on and suffered.

Lightning-rods made their way into use with difficulty. The ultra devout actually opposed them on the ground that they were an insult to Deity, and that it was an interference with the works and will of Providence.

Negro minstrelsy was just cropping out in the traveling circus. There was generally but two great performers, who assumed male and female characters. The popular melody was "Jump, Jim Crow."

P. MULFORD.

HIS PARTNER.—A commercial traveler handed a merchant, upon whom he had called, a portrait of his betrothed instead of his business card, saying that he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished and blushing traveler, with a hope that he would soon be admitted into partnership.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

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A YEAR'S WOOING.

BY J. C.

'Twas autumn when first they stood on the bridge:
Ripe pears on the pear-tree, ripe corn on the ridge;
The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue,
And speeding still southward, were lost to the view.
Said he: "Can you love me, as I can love you?"
She said quite demurely: "Already I do!"

'Twas winter when next they met on the bridge:
The pear-trees were brown, and white was the ridge;
The swallows were chattering their news in Algiers.
She looked in his face and she burst into tears!
His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were blue.
She said: "I can't love you!" Said he: "Nor I you!"

'Twas spring-time when next they stood on the bridge,
And white was the pear-tree, and green was the ridge;
The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return;
And the midges were dancing a-down the brown burn.
He said: "Pretty maiden, let bygones go by—
Can you love me again?" She said, "I can try."

'Twas summer when next they stood on the bridge:
There were pears on the pear-tree, tall corn on the ridge;
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue.
They swooped down and snapped up a midgelet or two.
Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the way,
And part us again, will you mention the day?"
She stood, looking down on the fast-growing rig,
Then answered demurely: "As soon as you will!"

NATURE'S WONDERS.

WE were traveling in that land of teeming prodigious life, Central America, and were camped in a glade bordering a grand old virgin forest, so marvelously rich in strange forms and colors of vegetable life that we would have lingered long in this spot to admire, but that we were driven by a sudden shower to take shelter in a deserted shed, or house, left, probably, by some planter who had migrated to another spot—a not unusual case.

There we sat, for want of something better to do, commenting and surmising, when suddenly our attention was caught by some living thing, as it appeared to us, issuing from a hole in the ground close up under the wall, midway between a crack in the wall and the right hand corner.

In another minute it had beat upwards, and was taking the direction up the wall. Out it came, longer and longer. We thought it would never stop unfolding. Was it a snake? Everyone started at the bare thought.

We watched it at a respectful distance. No, it was a huge centipede, fully eighteen inches long. We have the creatures in our own gardens, but they are not more than three or four inches long.

This one was a monster, and the whole party were instantly on their feet to give it chase and knock it over, when someone uttered a note of surprise, and invited us to stop and examine its mode of progress.

I should explain that the natural gait of this reptile when in movement is serpentine; its multitudinous legs rising and falling in quick succession, like a series of small waves, very pretty to look at when near.

This creature did not seem to use its legs at all, but slid up the wall as if pulled by some invisible string. Everyone exclaimed with surprise, but on closer inspection the riddle was solved.

The monster was dead, and was impelled up the wall not by a string, but by the serried ranks of thousands of little black ants fringing the sides, which they shoved up by slanting their bodies, as we ourselves should under the circumstances; also at the head, which they were pulling; and at the tail, which they were pushing; and all this with a unanimity of aim and action, and an intelligence of the work they had undertaken, and all in such perfect and beautiful order, that it won the admiration of our whole party. No set of human beings could do it better.

They had already gained half way up the hut. On went the procession, swift and smooth, without a break or pause, till they came to the crack in the wall. The break here measured a full inch in width; they could not bridge it over. They halted, and I, moved by the most intense curiosity, mounted a stool to watch.

It was then I discovered that on the back of the dead reptile were stationed some half dozen loose ants running hither and thither in a state of greatest agitation and excitement, looking down on the workers on this side, and then on the opposite side—then along the body to the head—back again to the tail and so on; while one little fellow, not a whit different from the rest, kept stationary on the extremest point of the head. He was evidently the captain and commander-in-chief; and though not differing from the others in form and color as far as we could see, yet no doubt was elected to the position from his superior intelligence. The rent here was so wide, so impossible to get over, that I fully expected they would have to give up their booty and let it fall to the ground.

But not a hair's breadth did they budge—the stout-hearted little creatures held on as our own troops in battle, immovable as a post; this for some fraction of a minute. Then at some sign of command, invisible and unintelligible to us, the whole procession moved backwards (that is, downwards) for about the space of an inch. Then came another halt, and then again the whole body recommenced their march upwards; only this time it took a sloping line parallel with the crack in the wall, evidently aiming at the place where the rent dwindled away to nothing.

And they reached it, too; they crossed it; they came to the top, and we saw the body of the dead reptile bending over the highest point of the wall, as it gradually disappeared under the rafters which supported the roof.

The whole scene was an impressive one, for the movement showed not only a skilful combination of forces, of rare generalship on the part of the commander, worthy of a human hero—but an obedience on the part of the workers that might rival the best drilled army in the world; and we cannot but recognize in those small creatures an amount of intelligence which may rank on a par with many nations and people which we call human.

Grains of Gold.

Justice is truth in action.

Courtesy is due to others.

Charity is the salt of riches.

Improve thyself, then try to improve others.

Things past may be repented, but not recalled.

Be the first to hold out the hand of peace.

Nothing is truly known unless God be known.

Indulge always in a benevolent forgetfulness of self.

A wise book is a true friend; its author a public benefactor.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

To get rid of a bad friend, ask him for what you most need.

Try what forgiveness will do before you resort to punishment.

The path of duty in this world is the road to salvation in the next.

Courtesy is never out of place. It is as easy to look and speak pleasantly, as the reverse.

They that spend their days in faith and prayer, shall end their days in peace and comfort.

He that voluntarily continues ignorant, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces.

There are in certain heads a kind of established errors against which reason has no weapons.

The wisest art in life is to cultivate smiles; to find the flowers where others shrink away for fear of thorns.

As an appliance for the improvement of our friends, a habit of scolding possesses no appreciable virtue.

If you have been tempted into evil, fly from it. It is not falling into the water, but lying in it, that drowns.

An Eastern proverb says, "He is miserable once who meets with ill-fortune, but twice who fears it before it comes."

An honest man is honest from his soul, nor delights to stoop to meanness, though great results hang on the petty fraud.

The science of life may be thus epitomized: To know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart—a gem in the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects.

By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes, we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond, which might be taken.

The only safe guide to a great intellect is a pure heart. Evil no sooner takes possession of the heart, than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

Femininities.

Attractive wrappers—Saleswomen.

Engagement bracelets are the latest novelty.

There is no friend to man so true, so kind, so real, and so good as woman.

When a young lady gives herself away, she naturally loses her self-possession.

When Adolphus placed his arms around the neck of Angelina, he said it was for a neck's press purpose.

"How old are you, Miss B?" "Oh, that depends. When I go out with mamma I am 12, but when I go out with papa I am 18."

Bric-a-brac is defined as "anything in the crockery line that is absolutely useless, set upon the mantel, where it will be in the way."

At the seashore, as usual, one wave from a woman's handkerchief will continue to attract far more attention than hundreds of waves from the ocean.

Leap year parties are popular in some sections. At these gatherings the girls yell "Mouse!" and the young men jump on chairs and shriek.

You may have seen a young man on one side of the gate, and a maiden on the other side. Why they talk so long is because a great deal can be said on both sides.

Theron F. Butler, who died in New York recently, left an income of $15,000 per annum to his wife so long as she remains single, and $7,000 per annum if she should marry again.

Amateur tenor (just from Paris): "And have you heard of Gounod's 'Crepuscule?'" Unmusical young lady—"O dear, no—how dreadful! Is it anything like spinal meningitis?"

Some tasteful individual very correctly remarks that the best lip-salve in creation is a kiss; the remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an affection of the heart.

Amorous frog, rosy snow, dewy periwinkle, expiring green, comet, budding love, frothy Cliquot, and Bengal fire, are the singular names of some of the most fashionable colors in Paris this season.

A gentleman who was about to marry a plain girl said to his friend, "It is not for her exterior but her inward beauty I marry her." "Then for goodness sake," replied the friend, "turn her inside out."

Every married man ought to get his life insured. In case of death, fighting the insurance company for the money would occupy the widow's mind, and keep her from brooding over her misfortune.

Sunny India is where we men are thoroughly appreciated. The widows of that country are miserable beings, considered disgraced, degraded outcasts, to whom it is a crime to speak a word of sympathy.

Offering in detail: Mother—"I'm afraid Mr. Crisscross is not serious in his attentions." Daughter—"He's awful bashful, you know, but he's offering himself piecemeal. Last night he wanted me to take his arm."

Some genius has invented a pin with a point which bends over on itself and becomes harmless after being put in its place. Pretty girls will confer a favor on the male portion of the human race by using that kind.

A young fellow devoted himself successfully a whole evening to the entertainment of a company of pretty girls, and demanded his pay in kisses. "Certainly, sir," said the prettiest of them; "present your bill."

It has been remarked that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity. But the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

Parisian society ladies have adopted boots of gray doeskin, which look very well with the prevailing gray costumes. In the evening they wear black kid shoes, with a large lily embroidered on the instep, and with red heels.

"I tell you, Bill, no girl can fool me: if I call on a girl, and she doesn't say much, and acts like she wants me to leave, and don't shake hands with me when I leave, and don't ask me to call again, it's very seldom I call again to see her."

Married men cannot be too careful. An East Saginaw woman is going to apply for a divorce because she found a hairpin in his pocket, and yet he is willing to swear that he only used it instead of a shingle-nail to temporarily replace a suspender button.

A manufacturer in the South of France advertises a preparation which he calls "Eau de Noblesse," and which, he declares, "makes the hair always preserve an honorable direction, and gives to the person who uses it an air of distinction and supremacy."

A Vienna paper contains the following original apology: "I hereby retract the insulting language used against Asor, and the pet dog of Baroness von K——, and declare said Asor to be a well-behaved canine. Penzing, near Vienna. Anna L——, nee K——."

A Japanese woman dresses her hair once in four days. The luxury of hearing one's wife, with the ends of her hair in her teeth, and her mouth full of hairpins, talking about the kitchen-boiler in the morning before the mirror, is never enjoyed by the Japanese husband more than twice a week.

The old lady's advice to her daughter, when the latter was about to commence housekeeping, puts the matter in its true light. "My dear," said she, "by not knowing how to make puddings and pies, you may be occasionally annoyed; but if you are ignorant of roasting and boiling, you may be annoyed every day."

Here is a new fashion of closing a note sent by a servant's hand. The envelope is crossed by a ribbon; on the knot securing it, and also on the other parts of the ribbon, you drop sealing-wax, on which you impress some fancy motto. You write the direction after the operation is performed, so that the ribbon should not cover any of the words.

News Notes.

North Carolina claims a diamond field.

Rain has fallen continuously for 150 hours at Longview, Texas.

Female Suffrage has failed in the British Columbian Legislature.

A London policeman died recently leaving a fortune of $50,000.

New York, down down, has one church to every 5,000 inhabitants.

There are about 2,700 births, and about 1,200 deaths a week in London.

On the 22d of March, Emperor William, of Germany, will be 88 years old.

Tea Garden is the name of one of the strong citizens of Austin, Texas.

It costs $5,000 a year to supply the National Government with nosegays.

One clergyman in Floyd county, Georgia, claims to have united 1,063 couples.

The Maryland Senate has passed a bill reducing marriage licenses to 50 cents.

The Queen's book is a failure. There is now no demand for it at London book-stalls.

Senator Anthony, of R. I., is said to ascribe his recent illness to the use of cigarettes.

London has 700,000 houses and nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants—about seven people to each house.

A Massachusetts man, eighty-three years old, last week married a girl of nineteen. She is his third wife.

The People's Church, Boston, built in the form of a theatre, and seating 2,500 people, was dedicated lately.

The highest postage rate from the United States is to Patagonia and the Island of St. Helena—27 cents per half ounce.

A babe that was born in the court house at Lawrenceburg, Ind., recently, has been christened Ohio Flood Wallingford.

When William B. Astor died he had on his rent-roll in New York City 720 houses. The estate now has over 1,200 houses.

The Art Hall for the New Orleans Exposition will include a marble building, constructed of blocks from the various States.

In the last four years $300,000,000 has been spent in building new railroads and improving old ones in the Southern States.

Female mendicants in Chicago now have an opportunity to earn enough to live on by working in a public laundry just established.

Mrs. Gordon, residing near Burlington, S. C., is 111 years old, and walks four miles to partake of the monthly Lord's Supper at the Baptist Church.

The law allowing imprisonment for debt in New York is alleged to be used for blackmailing purposes, and some persons are agitating for its repeal.

A waterspout struck a train near Marion, Va., the other morning, with so much force as to break the transoms on the car and drench the passengers.

The boys in the western part of Erie county, this State, have organized themselves into a cat-killing society. The skins they dispose of to furriers.

Shad were introduced into California waters something like seven years ago, and now they are so plentiful that they are a drug in the market there.

The ice palace at Montreal is to remain standing until it becomes unsafe, when the city authorities will have the structure taken down and the ice sold.

Dog stealing has reached such a point in Boston that a protective association is talked of, and one man has offered a thousand dollars to start a fund with.

A roll of bills, amounting to $2,000, supposed to have been washed ashore from some wreck, was picked up recently by a person living in Black Rock, Conn.

Alphonse Paquette and wife, of Westfield, Mass., took their two-months old baby sleighriding the other night, and the child was smothered by excessive wrapping.

Electric lighting of trains has been introduced on the Vienna and Trieste Railroad. The light is good and steady so long as the train moves at the rate of 25 miles an hour.

Silas Smith, a colored preacher at Moberly, Mo., has been sentenced to the penitentiary for five years for instigating his followers to burn the building of a rival church.

Miss Eva Bonanza Mackey is at the head of a fashionable "slumming" society in Paris, and makes periodical visits among the poorest of the poor, dispensing a good deal of money.

The principal of the school at Biggs, Nev., learning that some of the boys carried weapons, searched them, and found pistols on no less than ten, each of whom was under 14 years of age.

A sidewalk merchant in stove-polish, who haunts Fourteenth street, New York, advertises his wares by exhibiting a miniature stove in complete working order and filled with live coals.

The late organist of a London church left a bequest amounting to more than $600 a year for strewing gravel in slippery months along the steep inclines of streets in the neighborhood where he lived.

A remarkable project is on foot in Berlin, where there has been started a "Share Company for the Removal of Trichinæ from Pork." A patent is being applied for to exploit a recently-invented process to that effect.

The attention of the inhabitants of Columbus, Ga., has been attracted by a seemingly old lady who played a hand-organ on the principal street of that place in the worst of weather. It now turns out that she was an Italian girl disguised.

Kitty Clifton.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

"It all seems so wrong, mamma," said Kitty Clifton, resolutely.

She had come home from Madame Guillaume St. Erme's "fashionable finishing establishment," the prettiest little rose of a seventeen-year-old blonde that it is possible to imagine.

Tall and straight, with turquoise-blue eyes and a low, pearl-fair forehead, all festooned round with pale gold rings of shining hair, she made you think of the pictured Madonnas delineated by the marvellous pencils of the grand old masters on many a chancel wall and glittering stained-glass windows in foreign cathedral aisles.

Our Kitty was accomplished too.

Madame Guillaume St. Erme, who really had a conscience, sweet-voiced French woman though she was, had seen to that.

She could recite Corneille by the page, chatter Italian as fluently as a native, play until you would think her white fingers a whole legion of fairies making music out of the ivory piano keys, and sing like a bird, to say nothing of the delicious little water-color pictures that hung round the walls, and the exquisite embroidery that looked like sea-pearl and crystallized snow-drifts.

Verily, Kitty's two years at Madame St. Erme's had not been time spent in vain.

And now she had come home again—home to the quiet old house behind the cedars, where the furniture was so massive and old-fashioned, and the velvet carpets worn to the very warp.

For the Cliftons had been very rich once, and were poor now, yet they never forgot that they had been "the gentry" of the town which was now a thriving place.

And old Mr. Clifton, weak and decrepid, sat all day in his easy-chair watching the sunshine play along the window-sill, and his daughter-in-law, Kitty's mother, darned the faded family linen, and turned her old silk gown in patient, much-enduring poverty—that "genteel poverty" which is so much harder to endure than any other shape.

"We are so poor, mamma," persisted Kitty, "and grandpapa cannot have his wine and your dear old black silk dress looks so shockingly rusty; and here I am, strong, and able to work, yet idling away the very best years of my life."

Mrs. Clifton's pale, aristocratic brow contracted a little.

"The Cliftons never have worked for a living yet, Kitty."

"Mamma, I would rather work than starve," responded the young girl, passionately.

"We have not yet come to that, my love, thank Heaven."

"But we shall do so, in ten years, if it is all outgo and no income.

"Don't contradict me, mamma, darling; didn't I win the first mathematical prize at Madame St. Erme's, and can't I calculate ways and means for myself? Oh, mamma, please let me give music lessons, or sell some of my flower pieces, or do embroidery or——"

"My child," said Mrs. Clifton, gently, "it is quite out of the question. Let the matter rest—we will certainly not anticipate evil ere it comes."

And Kitty did not venture to appeal from her mother's calm yet firm decision.

Yet it was none the less hard for her to sit by, with folded hands, and see the poverty which daily circled them round.

But she could divert the current of ennui in some degree by writing to school friends she had made at Madame St. Erme's—and of all her allies, Blanche Leslie was the dearest.

Miss Leslie was a pretty, black-eyed girl, who dwelt at the West End, and whose father, to use the ordinary expression, "rolled in gold."

And she and Kitty Clifton were "twin roses on one stem," so close and tender was their intimacy.

"The Leslies are a well-descended family although he is in trade," said Mr. Clifton. "It will not demean Kitty to associate all she chooses with with Hermann Leslie's daughter."

And the old aristocrat, having issued his ukase, went back to his newspaper and gold eye-glasses.

"Oh, Kitty," said Blanche, as the pretty little blonde walked into her friend's boudoir one fine September morning, "I am in such a puzzle."

"What is the matter?" asked Kitty, serenely untying her bonnet strings.

"Why, my brother is coming from India with his three little children next week, and he has written to us to have a capable governess in attendance on his arrival, and we can't think of a soul to fill the place."

"Write to Madame St. Erme," suggested Kitty.

"I have, and there happens to be nobody she can recommend just at present."

Kitty's eyes brightened suddenly, and a flush came to her cheeks.

"Blanche," she said, softly, "do you think I should do?"

"You?"

"Yes—I have always wanted to do something to—to earn a little money, and you know Madame said I was one of her best pupils: I couldn't stay in the house, but I could come in the morning, you know."

"Oh, it would be splendid," cried Blanche clasping her hands. "I know the little things would love you, but—your grandfather?"

"Grandpapa and mamma must not know," said Kitty, resolutely.

"Indeed, Blanche, I think I could teach them, and I would try my very best."

"George says he is willing to give a hundred a year to a competent governess," said Blanche, "and——"

"A hundred a year!" Kitty clasped her hands together delightedly. "Oh, Blanche I should feel like a millionaire."

And the two young girls laughed and cried on one another's shoulders.

It was agreed that Mr. Clifton and his daughter-in-law should be pacified with a story about duets, and flower-painting, and reading Dante, between the school friends, and that to all others the matter should be a secret as profound as the grave.

"It's like the heroine of a novel, exactly," cried enthusiastic Blanche.

"It's a great deal better, I am sure," said Kitty.

"Only think how much good I can do at home on the sly, with a hundred a year. I can pay the servants their back wages, and supply grandpapa's wine cellar, and get mamma a new dress, and, oh, ever so many things. It will be so nice."

Mr. Leslie, a tall, handsome man, of two or three and thirty, was a little surprised when his sister introduced him to the new governess.

And when Kitty had gone to get acquainted with the three chubby-faced little Indian children, he lost no time in expressing his feelings.

"Why, Blanche, she is a regular beauty."

"Of course she is," said Blanche, proudly. "We were at school together at Madame St. Erme's."

"But she is a mere child."

"I beg your pardon," said Blanche, demurely. "She is seventeen and a half."

"And Mr. Clifton's granddaughter. Blanche, it does not seem right," said George, who knew of the olden-time state of the Cliftons.

"Don't be a goose, George," said his irreverent sister.

"The children will love her dearly, and it will all be so nice. And remember, it's a great, great secret."

"Have your own way, then," said her brother, laughing; "only you girls are the most unaccountable creatures I ever knew."

So, for three sunny months, the governess plan went smoothly on, Kitty coming every day, and Mrs. Clifton congratulating herself that Kitty was keeping up her music and Italian with Blanche Leslie, and amusing herself so well.

"It would have been very stupid for her here at home," said the unconscious little matron; "and the Leslies are very good associates for her."

But the smoothest stream is destined, sooner or later, to come to a stony angle; and Kitty's life was no exception to ordinary rule.

Mrs. Minkerton, gossip-in-ordinary to the whole neighborhood, somehow sniffed out the fact that Kitty Clifton was teaching the little Leslies, and she called straightway on Kitty's mother.

"A queer freak this of Miss Kitty's turning governess," she said, rubbing her lavender-gloved hands together.

Mrs. Clifton opened wide her faded blue eyes.

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Minkerton," she said, coldly.

"Dear me," cried the lady; "didn't you hear she was governess at the Leslies, to those little East Indian children that Mr. George brought here last spring?"

And she fairly enjoyed the gentle widow's surprise, discomfiture, and mortification.

"A sly puss that Kitty Clifton must be," she said to herself, as she sailed off in rustling satins and perfumed folds of Indian shawl, to spread the tidings miscellaneously elsewhere.

Kitty's eyes were swollen and humid with tears the next morning when she came as usual, at ten o'clock.

Mr. George Leslie, who somehow of late had grown into the habit of superintending his children's daily lessons, looked at her with surprised dismay.

"Miss Clifton, you have been weeping."

"Because I must part with you all," said Kitty, bursting into fresh tears.

"Mamma has found it out—and—and she says I cannot be the children's governess any longer, and I was so happy here."

"And you must not leave us," said Mr. Leslie, rising and advancing towards her.

"Kitty, I cannot part with you, nor can the children.

"If you cannot remain as governess, you must as my wife.

"Don't shrink or blush, Kitty; you cannot have been here, day after day, without beginning to suspect that I loved you."

And Miss Clifton had to own that she had vaguely suspected something of the kind.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Minkerton, "it is quite like a romance in real life.

"So young Leslie, the widower, is going to console himself with pretty Kitty Clifton and this is the upshot of the governess business.

"But all the same," she added, nodding her head mysteriously, "I don't like double dealing, and I daresay Miss Kitty foresaw the whole thing when she first took the idea of helping the family along in so very disinterested a manner."

But what cared golden-haired Kitty Clifton for the venomous tongues of all the Mrs. Minkertons in creation?

She was happy, and George Leslie was happy, and life lay before her one bright vista of sunshine.

Mrs. Minkerton might croak all she pleased.

PREJUDICE is the reason of fools.

Humorous.

A tight fit—Intoxication.

A plucky job—Dressing fowls.

A slippery day—When the boy is getting spanked.

What is the best name for a wood-chopper? Hugh.

What do cats have, which no other animal has? Kittens.

A summer resort—Borrowing your neighbor's lawn-mower.

Why do young ladies put their hair up in papers? To wake early (wake curly) in the morning.

"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he hit the anchor.

What is that which we wish for, and when obtained, we never know we have it? Why, sleep.

"Its effect is immediate on Heart Disease." Said of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. Sold by druggists.

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Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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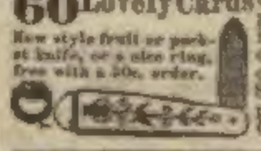

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New Publications.

MAGAZINES.

We have received the first number of a very useful publication for students or readers of the French and German languages. It is *The Foreign Eclectic* and its contents are made up of choice selections from the best Foreign Periodical Literature in the French and German Languages. Special attention has been given both to the selection of Periodicals and the choice of articles from the same. They are all marked by high literary and moral tone, and have besides the excellences of freshness and interest. The subject matter of the Magazine it is intended shall be principally entertaining in its character, and will consist of short Serials (complete in two or three numbers) and Stories by the best authors, Poetry, bits of Biography and Travel, Anecdotes, Correspondence, and matters of general interest. It is published monthly in two parts. Part I, French: Part II, German. 25 cents single; 35 double number. P. O. Box, 1800 Phila., Pa.

The following are among the contents of the March number of the *Manhattan*, The Vase (La Potiche); Dartmouth College, finely illustrated; Transformation.—II. A Story, concluded, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; A Farmer's Sorrow.—A Poem by Sarah Orne Jewett; Our Forests and Tree Lore; What came of a Kit of Mackerel, a Story; A Walk in Winter; Rafting on the Alleghany, by William Willard Howard with numerous illustrations; What Will Become of Egypt? by William W. Loring; The Myth of the Fingal's Cave, by Cope Whitehouse, illustrated; In Arcady.—A Poem; Tinkling Cymbals.—VIII., IX. A Story; Creation or Evolution?—A Philosophical Inquiry.' III by George Tickner Curtis; Recent Literature; Political Recollections, Humor and Fiction; Town Talk; and Salmagundi.

Lippincott's Magazine for March opens with an article on The Berlin of To-Day, by Anna Maynard Butler, sketching the chief features, external and social, of the German capital, with illustrations. Across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec on Horseback, is by Laura King Swarts. A Winter Campaign in the Black Hills. The author of, Study and Stimulants, describes the career of, An American Father Mathew, Mr. Richard T. Booth. The present instalment of Dr. Oswald's interesting series is Healthy Homes; treats of Rooms and Halls. My Dogs, is a short but fresh and entertaining paper and Mary Dean gives a pleasant account of, The Home of Nast, at Morrisania. The other contents including poetry and stories are likewise excellent. There are some good things in the Monthly Gossip, and the number is followed by a supplement containing a reprint of the little comedy entitled, Place aux Dames; or The Ladies Speak at Last.. Price 25 cents per copy.

No physician wishing to keep up with the times can well do without the *The American Journal of The Medical Sciences.* The number for January among other notable matter contains the following original communications. Memoirs and Cases; A Case of supposed Dislocation of the Tendon of the Long Head of the Biceps Muscle. By J. William White, M. D. Multiple Cutaneous Ulceration. By I. Edmondson, M. D. The Visual Area in the Brain determined by a Study of Hemianopsia. By M. Allen Starr, A. M., M. D. Trismus Nascentium, or the Lockjaw of Infants; its History, Cause, Prevention, and Cure. Illustrated by Cases and Post-Mortem Examinations with Statistical Tables of 229 Deaths. Clinical History of a case of Recurrent Dropsy of the Left Middle Ear, complicated, after Eight Years' Duration, by an Acute Attack of Monocular Optic Neuritis. Sterility due to Contraction of Uterine Cervical Canal. A Case of Ainhum. Osteotomy for Bow-legs. On the treatment of Hay-Fever and Allied Disorders. Elephantiasis Arabum cured by Ligature of the Femoral Artery. Paget's Disease or Malignant Papillary Dermatitis (Tuin). Case of Fracture through the Anatomical Neck of the Humerus, with complete Separation and Dislocation of the Head of the Bone into the Axilla, with its Subsequent Removal. Published by Henry Lea's Son & Co., Phila., Pa. Price $5,00 per year.

All the manifold attractions which have put *St. Nicholas* at the front of juvenile magazine literature will be found in the March issue. Among the articles are Louisa M. Alcott's third Spinning-wheel Story, entitled, Eli's Education; a bright story by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, called Girl-Neblesse; Among the Mustangs, by Noah Brooks; Blown Out to Sea, by C. F. Holder illustrated by Beard; Wong Ning's Ideas, by a Chinese boy living in San Francisco; The Wind-Flower, a March poem by Lucy Larcom; an illustrated and engrossed six pages of funny jingles, entitled An Alphabet Menagerie, by R. B. Birch; Brownies, an illustrated poem by Palmer Cox, and chapters of Mayne Reid's serial The Land of Fire, and W. O. Stoddard's Winter Fun. The departments are full and entertaining, and the illustrations many and well executed. The Century Co, New York.

In the Episcopal Church at Bent, Yorkshire, two long shelves are filled every Sunday with loaves for the poor, which they carry away with them after the service. This is solid religion.

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Facetiæ.

Wholly uncalled for—A dead letter.

A stern reality—The man at the wheel.

High praise—Applause from the gallery.

The multiplication table—The registry of births.

Following suit—A dandy following the fashion.

Intellectual farming—Harrowing a man's feelings.

The acrobats of every household—The pitcher and tumbler.

What is the hardest thing to deal with? An old pack of cards.

"Oh, my dear wife!" exclaimed a young married man, as he paid the first milliner's bill.

Denis Kearney is fighting the aristocracy in a fashion more deadly than making speeches. He is selling lots at a San Francisco health resort.

The prairie laureate who rhymed "June-Boo" with "gumption," had, at last accounts, only a quarter of a mile lead on the infuriated mob.

An amateur punster informs us that some houses have wings, and he has often seen a house fly. We thought no part of a house save the chimney flue.

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Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my North.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
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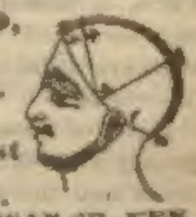
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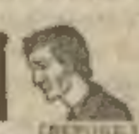
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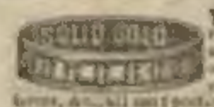
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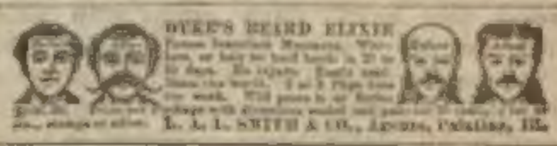
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

MANY novelties are not to be expected at this season, but ladies who are gifted with a little foresight can readily detect amongst the prevailing fashions those that are likely to endure, and to be found again in the spring modes, when these make their appearance.

One of these popular modes, that is more likely to grow in favor than to be abandoned, is that of pleated skirts, not the front but the back breadths, which fall in large full box-pleats from the waist.

Costumes for day wear and evening toilettes are alike made in this style, which is equally well adapted for short skirts and long trains, but the material must be of good quality, silk, satin, broche, velvet, etc.; thinner fabrics and woollen materials are usually made up with puffed draperies at the back.

The redingote again is a mode by no means likely to be abandoned, whether made with long plain fronts for out-door wear, or as a corsage, pointed in front and with long pleated tails at the back, for evening toilettes.

Tunics long and short, rounded and pointed, puffed and draped, are as popular as ever, and may be simply or elaborately arranged according to the nature of the material and the taste of the wearer.

The scope for individual taste has practically no limits, and the truth of the assertion has been proved by the various styles of costume worn during the past month in Paris, a season when toilettes are selected and arranged with special care, partically such are to be worn when paying or receiving visits.

Many of these were undoubtedly of great beauty and fabulous cost, but others, and those not the least admired, were chosen with considerable regard for economy, and were in the most quiet and refined styles.

Even when expensive materials are not only permissible, but enjoined by the position and fortune of the wearer, simple although fashionable styles are adopted.

We quote a few instances, such as a costume of brown velvet with the front of pale blue brocade embroidered in arabesques with bronze beads.

The Montespan coat bodice of velvet with a blue brocade waistcoat, matching the skirt, and the capote of pale blue satin with a puff of blue feathers and golden aigrette.

A magnificent costume of royal blue velvet is made with a plain skirt bordered with narrow plaitings of satin and a wide band of chinchilla; the blue velvet polonaise redingote is also bordered with chinchilla, and the blue velvet capote is ornamented with a plume of chinchilla, grey feathers, and an enamelled clasp fastening them in.

A rich toilette of violet brocade has the plain skirt edged with plaitings of satin and chenille fringe. The tunic is draped in paniers fringed with chenille and terminating in a puff at the back; the corsage is pointed, with a chenille plastron and satin collar covered with chenille.

The capote has a soft crown of old gold satin covered with a network of violet chenille edged with satin balls that fall on the flounces of gold lace covering the brim, which is lined with violet satin, and bordered with a row of gold beads.

The confection is a pelerine of violet satin covered with a network of violet chenille, bordered with a fringe of chenille and satin balls, and lined with ermine.

A great many ball toilettes are composed entirely of silk lace in some delicate tender shade on a foundation to match.

The corsage or rather corselet, is of velvet in a darker and different but harmonious color, the lace bodice under it is either high, low, or square-cut, as may be preferred, and the sleeves are also of lace, unlined if reaching to the elbow, or a mere puff at the shoulder if the bodice is cut low.

Velvet bows matching the corsage are placed here and there on the skirt.

The most fashionable combinations of color are brown or prune velvet with a cream lace skirt, dark green with pale pink, bronze or dark blue with light blue.

The most lovely flowers for ball toilettes are made of satiny plush; roses of this material in all colors being mounted in long sprays or wreaths for bordering the skirt, train, or paniers.

Smaller flowers are mounted as fringes for bordering draperies, bertaus, and short sleeves, and seperate flowers, especially roses, carnations, and moss rose buds, each with a few small leaves attached, are much used for sprinkling and dotting amongst the puffs and bouillonnes of lace net and gauze skirts.

Tiny birds perched on sprays of chenille foliage are also amongst the fashionable trimmings for ball toilettes, chenille, beads, gold, and silver to correspond with the ornamentation of the dress,

There is little to be noted in the new brocades and embroidered fabrics, except a tendency to increase, even to exaggerate the size of the designs. Naturally such frabics can only be employed for the skirts of costumes, one of which we illustrate.

In this case violet velvet, embroidered in huge sprays of flowers with silk, chenille, and beads in shades of violet, forms the plain skirt bordered with a deep and very rich fringe of chenille and satin.

The corsage and draperies are of ottoman to match or in a shade lighter. The paniers are irregular in shape and size, that on the left side being short and reversed towards the back.

The two sides of the back drapery are also different in their arrangement; this dissimilarity in the draping of tunics and puffs is indeed one of the most prominent features of the present modes.

Black velvet toilettes, so useful and becoming as dinner dresses, are now made in a variety of styles, but always combined with some other material.

A very handsome dress of this description has a foundation skirt of satin covered with chenille and jet embroidered net, and bordered with a narrow satin pleating.

Over this are three pleated panels of velvet terminating in points under a jet ornament, from which springs a reversed fan pleating of lace. The plain pleated train is of velvet lined with satin.

The under corsage is of satin cut low, over this is a corsage of velvet and lace, alike back and front, and bordered with lace. The upper part of the sleeve is of velvet the lower part of lace with a ruche at the elbow.

In out-door vetements there are few innovations to record, pelisses, redingotes, and large and small mantles are all worn alike, and are all equally fashionable.

In smaller vetements mention may be made of a cloth jacket, generally made of grey cloth, which is plain and tight-fitting in front, but has added pleated basques at the sides, gradually shortening as they reach the back.

The pelerine is deep and fastened across the chest by a handsome metal clasp; large buttons to correspond fasten the jacket in front.

In spite of the many new shapes introduced the Mousquetaire hat with the brim raised on one side and lowered on the other, is still much worn, for, when trimmed with feathers, it is undoubtedly a very stylish and becoming model.

It is made in straw with a border and toreade of velvet or plush, and also in velvet with a plain band round the crown. A plume of feathers and aigrette in front serve as the starting point for the long feather that falls on the left side.

A more eccentric but newer chapeau is of straw with a narrow brim and high crown ornamented to the top on one side with a series of ribbon velvet rosettes and birds' wings, all pointing to the back.

There is every indication that the fashion of placing a wreath of flowers inside the brims of bonnets will be revived this spring.

A still more antique mode is a very pretty and new dress is the grand'mere umbrella, specially introduced for use at Nice. The umbrellas are made in red, blue, and green, in rather faded tints and with a brightly colored striped border. The handles are crutch-shaped, but the umbrellas are so tastefully made and so neatly finished off that they have none of the rough and clumsy appearance of the really old umbrellas, of which they are supposed to be a copy.

A charming little coiffure for young married women, for evening wear, is a rosette of velvet in the centre of which is a little plume of feathers with an aigrette. This is placed on the top of the head and corresponds in color with the toilette or its ornaments.

Fireside Chat.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN COOKERY CONTRASTED.

MANY people fall into the error of speaking and acting as if the saying, "Paris c'est la France," were really fact. In like manner I have heard those who have spent months in France, staying the whole time in the best hotels, dilate on French cookery, and speak of the way the French live.

I would have my readers remember that the cooking and living in hotels differ as much from the providing in private families as a dinner at a table d'hote does from the ordinary home dinner.

Again, many who travel in France go to hotels or pensions (boarding houses), frequented almost exclusively by Americans and English, and the proprietors of such have an annoying way of suiting their dishes, as they think, to their customers.

The result of this is that they are neither good English nor good French.

For example on a menu (bill of fare) "English mint sauce" was written, which proved to be gravy with chopped mint in it—no vinegar!

However, it is not always the case that English dishes are spoilt, for what the chef (the name by which head cooks are always called in France) called "English pancakes" were certainly delicious little compounds, as far superior to our pancakes as the mint sauce was inferior.

Here let me give a word of advice to my young readers who wish to learn French cooking: do not attempt to improve or alter recipes, at all events until you have carefully tried them, and found that the results are not satisfactory.

I was looking through some papers the other day, and found what purported to be instructions for preparing a "French soup."

The distinctive character of the particular soup should be some cut chervil, which ought to be thrown in at the moment of serving.

The translator had omitted the chervil, under the impression, no doubt, that the taste for it being rather an acquired one than otherwise, most people would object to it; but obviously, it was no longer a "French soup."

This is such a common error in Anglo-French cooking, but I must again emphatically advise you to follow with accuracy the directions given, and not your own idea, remembering that in France cooking was an art long before American people thought of doing much more than boil or bake.

Before we had schools of cookery, the French had instituted an order of merit for good cooks. It is called the "Cordon Bleu."

Contrasting American and French cooking, I think the latter has many advantages where ladies wish to superintend their own cooking.

Perhaps the greatest of these is that it does not require as much time to be spent in the kitchen; not that the viands take less time to cook, but the difference in the appliances and the arrangements for a French dinner; also, the proper management of that all important adjunct, the pot-au-feu, or, as we call it, the stock-pot.

Then it is more economical—that is to say, that if we lived as the French live, we should spend less money in housekeeping, and put equally good dinners on table, for there is not any waste in a well managed French house.

The French as a nation are careful and frugal. I have frequently seen a French laborer seated by the roadside eating his dinner—a mixture of broth and vegetables with bread in it—with a spoon out of a bowl, this being the entire meal of a man who did not consider himself poor.

I think most Americans would be astonished if they knew how many things are eaten in France that we should never use, and, not only is it they are eaten, but delicate little dishes are made of them.

I will name a few of these presently, but, before I do so, I must ask you to visit a French kitchen with me.

The flat to which it belongs is tenanted by a lady of good position; it is the smallest of the six rooms which the flat comprise, and only measures eight feet by twelve feet.

One young servant is kept and a cook comes every afternoon about five o'clock to prepare the dinner, and before leaving she will look to her stock-pot for the morrow, and also arrange for the dinner (which in France is sometimes at ten, and sometimes at twelve o'clock), and which the young servant, with perhaps a little help from her mistress, will be able to serve.

It will be difficult for most of my readers to realize what can be accomplished in this little kitchen, on one side of which is a stove, in a corner the place for washing up; and let me tell you I have seen the whole of the things from a dinner washed without the washer wetting her hands—the dishes and plates being cleaned with a little mop, the saucepans with a brush.

There is not much furniture—a table, much smaller than our kitchen tables, for French cooks seem to work more compactly, and use fewer cooking articles, &c.

The stew-pans, chiefly copper, and other things are still hung up round the kitchen, and are nearly all bright and easily to hand. There are also sieves of different sizes.

These are much more used than in England, delicate cookery requiring things to be more strained and sifted.

On the stove are two things—the soup pot, which is here of earthenware, and is called a Marmite, and the Bain Marie. I must explain, for the benefit of those who have never seen one, that a Bain Marie pan is a sort of tray, about six inches deep, generally made of copper, and having from three to a dozen various sized saucepans, all of which are bright, fitting into it.

When in use, the Bain Marie pan is filled half full of water, and the saucepans stood in the water, which is kept boiling.

Having put the saucepans in, the cook has no more trouble, excepting the adding of more boiling water as that in it evaporates.

The contents of the saucepans in the water will not burn, nor will they waste nearly as much as if they were on the stove.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

OLINSKA.—The saying, "Diamond cut diamond," means, cunning outwitting cunning, or the sharpest intellects coming into collision, just as in engraving or in cutting diamonds diamond dust is employed as a medium.

LASSIE.—Shyness arises in a great measure from vanity; the vanity of believing that other people are thinking much about us or our appearance. Do not think of yourself at all, nor what you are, nor how you look. Think of the people you are going to meet.

POPP. — Neither drawing nor music teachers bear the expense of providing their pupils with subjects to copy, nor pieces, and songs. This is an expense that devolves on the students, or their parents if young and dependent. The case is the same at all schools; and with reference to private tutors and governesses.

R. D. P.—The phrase, "On the spur of the moment," simply owes its origin to the use of spurs, which goad a horse suddenly forward. Thus a sudden impulse causing immediate action, the thought followed within the same moment by the deed, is very characteristically compared to the use of spurs to a horse.

ROYAL D.—Do not feel troubled about the silly personal remarks which ill-bred people make. Be thankful that you assimilate, and thrive upon your food, and have any fat that you could spare should you go through the ordeal of wasting from fever. You are as God made you; be satisfied for a time, and play no dangerous tricks with yourself.

UNHAPPY.—We consider it to be your obvious duty to tell the young man in question that you could not possibly entertain a thought of the engagement, which he desires to form, without making his parents acquainted with his intentions, and obtaining their consent. We feel truly sorry for you, but you could never repent of doing what is right.

MAN.—After the death of an affianced husband it would be but natural to continue wearing your engagement ring in memoriam. When, if ever, you become engaged a second time, you can consult the wishes of your second "intended" as to what he would wish you to do. Of course, the ring had ceased to what is called an "engagement" one on the death of the giver, and was only worn in memory of a friend.

R. C. T.—An allusion is made in the use of the term "wool-gathering," to the absence from home and its duties of children, who are sent to wander over the downs and along the hedgerows to gather the wool left by the sheep. Thus, when you have lost your presence of mind, and your thoughts stray away from your present business or company around you, you are said to be "wool-gathering," no one knows where.

A. C.—The origin of the nick-name "John Bull" is due to a satire by Dr. Arbuthnot, who thought he saw in the English character a general resemblance to the typical English farmer, who is bluff, straightforward, bull-headed, and kind-hearted; though while he termed the Frenchman "Louis Baboon," and the Dutchman, amidst his canals and tanks, "Nicholas Frog," the idea took public fancy, and a comedy was written by George Colman, entitled "John Bull."

STOUT.—Indulgence in beer, wine, stout, and spirits, the use of sugar and drinking too much water have all a tendency to increase the accumulation of fat. In Mr. Banting's dietary the forbidden articles were the oily fishes, salmon, eels, and bread-and butter, milk, sugar, all farinaceous vegetables, such as potatoes. Over indulgence in bed is also bad for the stout. But the sudden reduction of flesh is very bad, and any reduction at all must be very gradual to be safe. Exercise will retard the accumulation of fat, but will not reduce it alone without other means.

MILDRED D.—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr, A.D. 304, suffered for her faith at the early age of thirteen. It is recorded that on her declining to marry the son of a Roman Prefect, because she had devoted her life entirely to the service of God, he denounced her as a Christian, in revenge. She then refused to sacrifice to the heathen gods, and was cruelly tortured in consequence; but on being thrown on a pile of burning faggots the flames went out without having injured her, and her persecutors ended her sufferings by beheading her. It is said that as her parents knelt in prayer together at the young martyr's grave, she appeared to them with a glorified aspect, and bade them "dry their tears, as she was united for ever to her Savior in heaven."

K. S.—The system of banking rose in Venice about the year 1150, and it was introduced thence into other countries; the great banking street in London being called after the Lombard Jews who originated banks. The oldest metallic money appears to have been counted and valued by weight, and consisted of bars of silver, not coins. See Genesis xxiii., and compare with Genesis xiii, 1800 years B.C. Brass money is spoken of by Homer 1184 years B.C. The invention of coin is attributed to the Lydians, who made it of gold and silver. That of iron and tin was the first used in Britain. The earliest known coins are Macedonian, of the fifth century B.C.: the first coinage was instituted at Colchester, the ancient Camalodunum. The Britons and Saxons coined silver, and the first coining of gold was by Henry III.

BLANCHE J.—1. Surnames date back to the latter part of the 10th or 11th century. It is the "over-name," or name of the family, under which all the Christian, and personally distinctive names are inscribed in family pedigrees. They were introduced by the Normans, and adopted by the nobility. The term "Fitz" was employed by the old Normans, means son, the prefix "O" was the Irish for grandson, while the Highlanders of Scotland used that of "Mac," or son. Amongst the northern nations the latter word was appended to the end of the name, "Sen" meaning son; and, as we had many immigrants from Flanders and Brabant, the final distinguishing syllable is very common amongst our surnames. 2. The helmets of the ancient knights were surmounted by what was called the cognizance or crest of each, for, when the visor was down, there would have been no way of recognizing them had there been no coat of arms on the shields, nor crest on the helmet. The retainers of feudal lords wore their respective chiefs' cognizance as a badge, to indicate to whom he owed obedience, and these badges were set up, painted on sign-boards over hostelries and warehouses, before whole streets were given distinguishing names. Thus, in the present day liveries are worn, and the family crest is embossed on the servants' buttons.